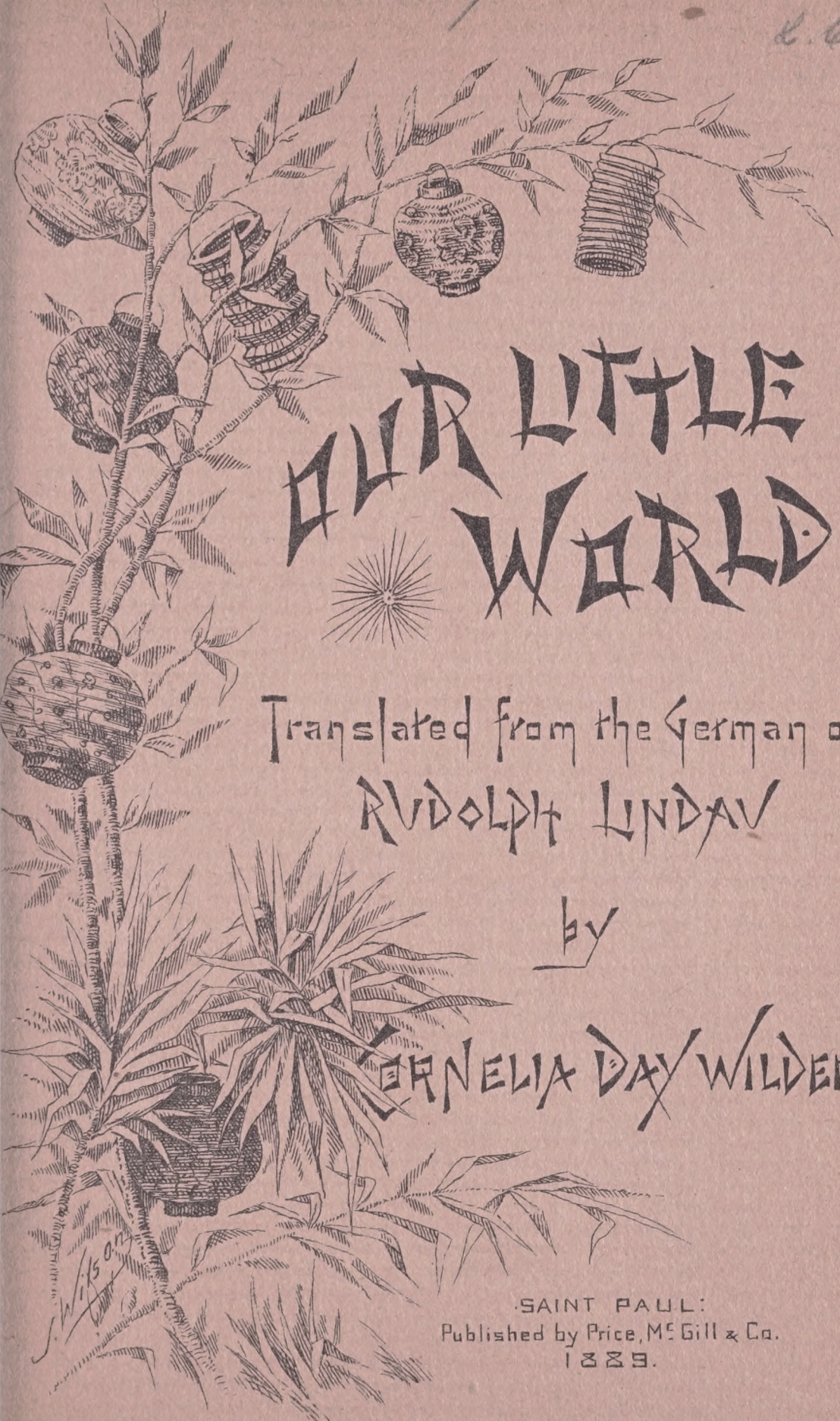

OUR LITTLE WORLD

Translated from the German of

RUDOLPH LINDAU

by

CORNELIA DAY WILDER.

SAINT PAUL:
Published by Price, McGill & Co.
1889.

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CHAPTER I.

In the year 1859, as the Japanese harbor of Yokohama had just been opened to European traffic, one of the first visitors who arrived, coming on the steamer from Shanghai, was a tall, slight young Irishman with light hair and blue eyes.

As the boats were being lowered, preparatory to landing the passengers, he stood on the deck carelessly whistling, but at the same time scanning attentively the little city which lay before him in the form of a circle, and which then resembled more closely a small fishing village, with its scattered wooden houses of one story each, than the future metropolis of the newborn commerce established between Europe and Japan. He soon discovered a small, mean-looking house very near the landing place over which the English flag floated gaily, and noticing the exact posi-

tion of the building, he stepped composedly into the boat where the other passengers were already assembled, without interrupting his whistling. A few moments later he sprang lightly on the shore, and without asking anybody the direction, as one who is thoroughly posted as to the way which is to be taken, turned to the left and walked directly to the house,—that of the English consul.

An old acquaintance of Yokohama could not have been more at home than was this apparent stranger. A robust constable stood before the entrance of the office. "Is the consul at home?" asked the newcomer, with a slight motion of the head towards the door. The official seemed to be decidedly displeased at the familiarity which his superior showed him. He replied solemnly and respectfully: "Her Majesty's consul, Mr. Mitchell, is in his working room."

The traveler, upon whom this remonstrance had no effect, wanted to go into the house

without further ado; but the constable barred the door-way with his broad shoulders and said roughly: "Give me your card." The person addressed looked with astonishment at this representative of the English police in Japan; and then drawing his card from his pocket with a quiet smile, he said: "Well, then, here, carry this in." The policeman disappeared without a word; he, in a moment, reappeared and motioned with his hand to the door which he had just closed behind him and on which a piece of paper was posted with the following words: "Enter without knocking." He glanced quickly at the paper, and following the injunction, he turned the handle abruptly and stepped with a perceptible tread into a large, well-lighted room in which a young, blonde man sat, possessing an attractive face, and who appeared to be absorbed in the perusal of a large register which lay open before him.

The gentleman waited, possibly for five seconds, then, seeing that no notice was paid

him, he approached the table and said in rather a loud tone of voice, which, however, had a friendly ring to it:

"I stepped in as a British subject to register." And at the same time he drew a passport from his pocket, which he spread out before the consul's eyes.

The consul lifted his head, and for a moment the two young men regarded each other attentively. "Did you arrive to-day?" asked the consul. "Ten minutes ago." "With the Cadix, Captain McGregor?" "Yes." "Did the steamer carry the post?" "To whom is it consigned?" "Messrs. Dana & Company." "H'm, H'm."

During this conversation the passport was being examined, and found to be in perfect order. The consul opened another thick book of which the first page was scarcely half full, and copied from the paper lying before him, "Thomas Ashbourne, British Subject, Dublin, Ireland, Civil Engineer." Then he wrote on the passport with red ink the number thirteen.

Ashbourne turned his head a trifle to one side, raised his eyebrows, drew his mouth together as if about to whistle, and looked thoughtfully at the ominous number. His expression had something so comical and so open as to invite confidence immediately, yes, even familiarity, but her Majesty's consul was, in the eyes of the natives, and particularly in his own, a most important personage, and Mr. Mitchell was not in the least inclined to enter on a friendly footing with this Mr. Thomas Ashbourne, without knowing more about him. Although, in spite of his well-worn traveling suit, he had every appearance of being unmistakably a gentleman, he contented himself by saying without a shadow of a smile, "Five dollars perquisites, if you please."

Ashbourne put his hand in his pocket, and taking out a good deal of small money, he counted the required sum without taking his eyes from the passport.

After a pause he asked with studied polite-

ness: "May I inquire what the number thirteen indicates with which my passport is so beautifully adorned?" "It is your roll number in the consul's directory." "Indeed!" quietly observed Ashbourne. "Well, then, consul, I have drawn a deucedly bad number." "Well, somebody had to draw it." "That is all true; somebody must be drowned or hanged this year also. I have the pleasure of calling the most unfortunate number in the whole lot my own. That is the penalty of wishing to amuse one's self at every opportunity. Why did I wager with myself that without asking the way from anybody, I would be the first passenger from the Cadix to arrive here? If I had but joined my companions I might have been registered five minutes later; but then, a possibility could have existed, somebody else might have termed himself the happy possessor of the unlucky number. I would gladly have yielded it to him."

"That is an unchristian-like spirit," re-

marked the consul, so far forgetting his official importance as to condescend to speak with a harmless mortal as anyone else would have done.

"I do not agree with you at all, Consul Mitchell. It is positive, ill luck must occur in the world, but everybody has the prerogative of hoping he will not be the victim. As far as I am concerned, all the misfortune in the world which every day's store adds to, may fall to the part of my neighbor, and I shall never be guilty of envying him his lot in life. There come three traveling companions. I must not detain you longer. Good morning, Consul Mitchell." He bowed pleasantly and left the room.

The three persons who, after Ashbourne's exit, presented themselves before the consul were merchants, and, without an unnecessary word on either side, they were inscribed in the directory as Mr. Macdean of Glasgow, Mr. Hazlett from Manchester, and Mr. West from London, under the numbers of fourteen,

fifteen and sixteen, and who then immediately turned their steps to the so-called "Strangers' Quarters" of the city, chatting intimately together, as they had time to become well acquainted during the six days' sea voyage from Shanghai to Yokohama. About a hundred paces before the house they met a young gentleman quite alone, who, without changing a muscle in his face, barely raised his hat to them and passed on, apparently not noticing that his greeting was just as coolly returned.

Mr. Macdean remarked: "This Mr. Jervis is a most reticent passenger. I cannot say he pleases me exactly." And in this opinion he was endorsed by his two companions.

It was true that the man did not have a prepossessing appearance; but, at the same time, it would be difficult to say what was displeasing about him. He was tall, slight and well-formed; his step was quick and elastic, and he carried himself well. His raven black hair, carefully put back from his forehead, contrasted greatly with his complexion.

which, though brown from exposure, was still that of the fair type of the North, and with his restless, light gray eyes, the well-defined features formed a noble profile; but when seen at a distance, the clean-shaven face, and particularly the low forehead, framed, so to speak, between the high cheek-bones, seemed to take on an appearance of unwonted dimensions; but the genuine Irish mouth, with thin, tightly-closed lips and the powerful chin, gave him an expression in which energy, reticence and determination were curiously blended. When Mr. Jervis entered the consul's room he found the latter buried again in his book. Mr. Jervis waited patiently until the consul should see fit to attend to him.

At last he glanced up and asked indifferently, "What can I do for you?"

Mr. Jervis replied as the other passengers had done just before. He said he was an English merchant, and as such desired to establish himself at Yokohama.

"Your passport, please."

The desired document was taken out of a leathern wallet and placed before the consul.

Mr. Jervis must have been a traveled man. The passport bore the stamp of many a foreign land. It was dated 1850 and was issued in the beginning for a journey to the East Indies. It was time-worn, torn, patched together again and, taking all in all, did not bear the appearance of a respectable, legitimate-looking document.

"J. Jervis," muttered the consul. Suddenly he turned his eyes on the young man and looked at him scrutinizingly for a moment. "I knew a gentleman of the same name in 1854 in Singapore. I don't happen to remember his christian name, as he was only known in the Strangers' Quarters by his initials, J. J. Possibly he is some relation of yours."

"No, Consul Mitchell."

"I should like to know whatever became of J. J. He was an uneasy individual, drank rather too much, and I fear he will come to no good end."

Mr. Jervis shrugged his shoulders slightly, as much as to say, that has not the slightest interest for me, and the consul, who was perhaps regretting having allowed himself to commence a conversation with a stranger without some important cause, stopped abruptly, demanding the payment of the fee of five dollars. It was immediately handed him, and with scarcely an audible "Good day," Mr. Jervis left the office. He stopped for a second before the door, turned his back to the constable, who was watching him, and stroked his chin, apparently pondering over something which gave him some anxiety. A tired, sad look came over his face and gave to it a more sympathetic expression, and then sighing, he said to himself, "I must continue," and with a quick pace he followed his traveling companions to the general hotel.

CHAPTER II.

Six months had passed since the day Ashbourne and Jervis had arrived in Japan. Their traveling companions, West, Hazlett and Macdean, seemed to have led a quiet and uneventful life in the humdrum of business at Yokohama. It was the contrary, however, with our two friends, Ashbourne and Jervis. They had gained important positions among the members of the foreign colony, which was rapidly increasing, and which, at the beginning of the year 1860, counted over two hundred persons, of which the greater number were English and Americans. They were all exceedingly young, so that Ashbourne and Jervis, who were about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, were already reckoned among the oldest set. They were full of energy and life, and though determined to gain as much as possible of the so-called filthy lucre, they were at all times ready to go on any escapade where danger was connected. The life

in Japan was not entirely without danger. Several foreigners had been murdered within a couple of months by the natives, who hated them on account of their being, in their opinion, impertinent invaders; but this danger in no way hindered the two strangers from making long excursions out of Yokohama with often no other object in view than a hard ride over a very rough road to discover some new view that the other members of the little band had not as yet seen. The incidents of such excursions were discussed in the evening at the club, which had been formed soon after the opening of the harbor of Yokohama, and if anything particularly interesting had been found, the other members of the club would form a little society, and the first free day would find them en route to visit the new discovery. These excursions were never unattended by danger, as many of the natives looked fiercely at these powerful white men, who went gaily through the streets, entered boldly and unbidden in their temples and

peaceful homes, and whose very actions seemed to frighten the women and children. However, as before remarked, the feelings of the natives were a secondary matter in the eyes of the foreign element.

Provided with heavy riding whips and large revolvers thrust in their belts, a few at a time forced an entrance in all the well-populated districts of the surrounding vicinity, eagerly studying and examining all that was new to them, and prepared, if the worst should come, to make their escape from the natives on their fleet little Japanese ponies.

However, they did not expose themselves willingly and intentionally to danger. They kept the middle of the street and a sharp lookout on both sides.

These excursions were frequently repeated, because, in the first place, of the slight spice of danger which was connected with them; and, secondly, because no one wished to be behind the others. Among these adventurers Ashbourne and Jervis were most looked up

to as having discovered more points of interest in the environs of Yokohama than all the other members of the club included.

Ashbourne was a general favorite on account of his winning manners, and was known among all his friends by the name of Djusanban, the Japanese word for thirteen, as he never lost an opportunity of bemoaning the fates which had given him the unfortunate number.

"You will see," he said with an expression which made it difficult to know if he were joking or in earnest, "that something will happen to me here."

As the Japanese did not seem inclined to keep him occupied in his capacity of engineer, and as neither his worldly possessions nor his inclination permitted him to undertake a merchant's career, he decided at last to start a newspaper. "The Sun of Japan," as it was called, had the honor of being the first English paper printed in Yokohama, and although only a hundred were struck off daily, thanks

to the high abonnements and the numerous advertisements, it permitted its enterprising editor to live comfortably. His household at present consisted of five servants, a comprador, (master of ceremonies,) a kotzkoi, (a chamberlain,) and a momban, (a porter,) a betto, (a coachman,) a kuli, (a general house servant,) and a riding horse.

As editor of the Sun, Mr. Ashbourne was a person of no little importance, and to a certain degree formed a link between the merchants of the place and those holding official positions.

The position which Mr. Jervis held was acquired in an entirely different manner from that of our preceding acquaintance. During these six months he had lived among a society of young people, who, though friendly with everybody, was intimate with no one. But it was an acknowledged fact that Jervis was the champion in all athletic sports. He was the best steeple-chase rider, the fastest runner, and an excellent oarsman and

swimmer, and so, in the most natural, in the most unassuming manner and without the slightest way of boasting, he gave evidence wherever opportunity offered itself of his perfect fearlessness.

When even the happy-go-lucky Ashbourne never rode alone nor went through the town by himself at night, Jervis never let a day go by without taking some long excursion from which he often returned after nightfall. He had had his pony, who by birth was a native of Tartary, sent him from Shanghai, who was named Tautai, and was put through a school of training which showed the efficiency of his master and completely subdued its erratic disposition. On its arrival it showed evidences of being balky and gave proof of possessing a most vicious temper, but soon the slightest word of his master or motion was obeyed, and in swiftness it far excelled any of the Japenese ponies; afraid of nothing and wiry as that race of horses always is. Whenever there was any great excitement

over any deed of bravery of which Jervis was the hero, Ashbourne always used to say: "He will be chopped to pieces some fine day by these Japanese officers; he is a good horseman, but that will avail him little when some dark night they attempt to assassinate him; and he exposes himself to these dangers seven times a week."

When there was a severe storm Jervis was to be found sailing out into the open sea quite alone in his sailing boat. One day as Ashbourne was standing in the club window, armed with a telescope, he observed to the members who encircled him: "One thing is certain sooner or later, if Mr. Jervis is not murdered before, he will create us quite a diversion by being drowned. I have got the notice of his death all written out for the Sun. It happens that I, too, know something about the art of sailing, as I was raised on the water, and it is taking your life in your hands to venture out in such weather in a nut-shell like that."

"He who was born to be hanged will never be drowned," remarked Macdean. He had never conquered his aversion taken to Jervis during their voyage from Shanghai to Yokohama.

"Why do you want Jervis to be hanged?" asked Ashbourne, laughing.

"I don't know," the Scotchman said in a disagreeable way, "but he looks as if he merited it."

Jervis showed himself equally reckless in business as in card playing, or vice versa; for these two occupations occupied most of the time of these "pioneers of civilization," as the Sun had named the members of the little colony. He seemed to have an abundance of money, but where it came from no man knew. This, however, awakened no suspicion, as everybody had private business connections of which no one was the wiser. But more than one person complained of the good luck which attended Jervis, whether in business or card playing; but fearlessness makes

more impression on young people than any other quality; and, thanks to his fool-hardiness, Jervis was, if not the most popular member of the club, still the most looked up to. He seemed to care nothing about it, and his perfect indifference had something actually insulting about it to his companions.

No success, no amount of praise, could call a smile or a pleased expression to his cold, wan face. In America, which (from odds and ends that he had let drop at different times) had evidently been his home for some time, he acquired the habit of whittling, and when any comments were being made in his presence about his bravery, he sat there working with his pen-knife as if his entire mind were devoted to his occupation.

In the beginning of April the spring races were to be held at Yokohama. All the officers of the regiment, which was then stationed at Yokohama, as well as many of the young officials and business men, threw themselves

body and soul into the preparations which were being made for this great event. Every day at least twenty riders were to be seen on the race grounds getting their horses and themselves in training.

Ashbourne, who had been unanimously elected secretary of the Racing Society, ruled there as master of the track. He had not only his own horses to ride, but a half dozen others for his friends, which he was to ride for them on the great day.

Jervis, too, was often to be seen in the early morning hours on the grounds, but as spectator only, as he never even galloped his Tautai, but rode either at a slow trot or at a walk from one part of the track to another, scarcely ever giving advice and speaking as little as possible, and with an unfriendly—yes, one would even be justified in saying a malicious or envious—expression on his face.

One day he approached Ashbourne in this manner, who was vainly endeavoring to ride his horse down a steep inclined strip of road.

This sort of an obstacle was most common in Japan, owing to the terraced form of the ground on account of the rice fields, and the steeple-chases always were held where several of the so-called drops, which are from ten to twelve feet steep, occurred. Most of the Japanese ponies surmount these obstacles very cleverly when it is not too difficult; that is, when the terrace does not end suddenly, in a most deceptive manner, in a vertical incline. In order to jump this, a pony is ridden to the very end of the terrace at a slow pace, and then the hind legs gradually slide along, so that in order to preserve its equilibrium, it is obliged to jump. It often happens by the jump that either the rider or the horse falls, but it is seldom that an accident occurs, as the ground is everywhere so soft and elastic.

Ashbourne stood on the edge of such a drop endeavoring to urge on his pony to take the leap by means of spurs, voice and whip, but the animal was evidently afraid, and stood with its fore legs planted firmly in the ground

snorting and kicking out furiously with its hind legs at every touch of the spur.

"Shall I lead you?" asked Jervis, who had been watching the vain toils of Ashbourne for some time.

"Yes, if your Chinese horse is not afraid; but it is an ugly spring, and Tautai will not care to take it either. Go back twenty feet and we will ride on together."

Ashbourne did as he was requested, and they both rode to the verge of the drop. Tautai surmounted it without the slightest hesitation, but Ashbourne's steed stopped short before it, shook its head, and replied by infuriated kicks to the chastisement which it had brought upon itself.

"Shall I ride the pony down for you?" cried Jervis from below.

Ashbourne shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply. Jervis had to make quite a little detour in order to gain the heights again, but at last he reached Ashbourne's side.

"Let me try?" he said.

They changed horses; both retraced their steps a short distance, then rode at a gallop to the edge of the drop, where the same scene was repeated, Tautai taking the leap easily, whereas the other pony seemed determined not to follow its good example, and looked as though the whole thing were a matter of indifference to it.

Ashbourne called laughingly back: "Shall I take the horse down for you?"

"Don't mind, I will attend to that myself," retorted Jervis.

He jumped back, jerked the horse's bridle so that it turned around and around several times, and then, dashing the spurs into its flanks, urged it on in a straight line to the drop. The horse and rider rushed madly ahead, and in a moment stood on the edge of the drop. The horse reared, but too late; two cruel cuts with the spurs followed in quick succession, and, frantic with pain, it dashed on. For a moment horse and rider

were in the air, and then both fell heavily on the side of Ashbourne, at the foot of the drop, who had been a surprised witness of the scene.

Jervis sprang up immediately and grasped the reins of his obstinate steed, which had risen also unhurt. The girths were torn and the bridle all out of order, but that was the only damage done.

"Well, I admire your riding," said Ashbourne. "No one would follow that example. Why, man, you could have easily have broken your neck."

"It only looks dangerous," observed Jervis, "but it is not, at least for the rider, if he keeps his seat until the horse falls; but I do admit I risked the limbs of your pony."

He aided Ashbourne to arrange the torn girths and the bridle, and was so officious that Ashbourne could only watch him and observe that he performed the work as though he had been a groom all his life long. Then they both turned their faces towards

Yokohama. It was a very warm day, and the violent exercise had greatly heated the two young men. The men at the same time drew out their handkerchiefs to wipe their foreheads with; then, as they began again the interrupted conversation, turning toward each other, Ashbourne burst out laughing, saying: "Why, you look just like a negro. What have you been doing? Your forehead is as black as if you had painted it."

Jervis hesitated a second and then said, "It is probably the damp earth from the rice patches which was in my hair."

Very soon afterwards he left his companion under the pretext he wanted to take a gallop across fields, and without waiting an answer he leaped a ditch by the roadside and rode off. Ashbourne looked after him thoughtfully. There was something so peculiar in Jervis' manner that he taxed his brain to the utmost, endeavoring to find some cause for his erratic behavior.

Jervis, after having ridden half a mile over

fields and uneven roads, reached a little inn hidden in the mountains, where he seemed to be well known and a welcome visitor. At his request the yonng woman brought him water, a mirror and a towel, and retiring to a room, where he locked himself in, he staid there some time, and when he did emerge, it was with his naturally well arranged hair and neat appearance.

CHAPTER III.

The grand race day was over. Ashbourne rode eight races out of the twelve, and won three of them. Jervis refused all offers which were made him, under the pretext that exercise in such intense heat caused him violent headaches. Everybody regarded this as a simple excuse, as it was well known that in the greatest heat he continued his long, lonely excursions; but no one could force him into doing what was disagreeable to him, and so they were obliged to accept his resolution. But Jervis did take a very important part at the races, as the only competent sportsman of the club who did not take an active part in the festivities. He filled the important post of umpire.

On the evening of the same day quite a number of the club members, as also the most prominent officials and merchants of the colony, were invited to a dinner given by Ashbourne. The long dinner proved a very

merry affair; toast after toast was proposed and accepted to absent friends, to the secretary and charming host, to the starter, etc.; and at last, among the twenty young people assembled, not one had been overlooked, and one or more glasses were emptied in his honor.

In order to please the Scotchmen present, several toasts were drank after their peculiar manner; that is, all the guests, standing on their chairs or on the table, emptied their glasses, filled to the brim, in one long draught. About eleven o'clock the merriment had reached its highest pitch; they all laughed and talked at the same time. Only Jervis was quiet, and took no apparent part in the sport, although he emptied his glass at every toast. He formed a great contrast to his companions, whose cravats were under one ear, hair in disorder, eyes sparkling from the effects of wine, and who gesticulated wildly and talked freely. He acted as if he were at a state dinner; sat bolt upright, and

not a single hair was out of its proper position.

All at once Ashbourne raised his clear voice, "Silence, gentlemen, silence." The call was repeated several times, and finally silence ensued. "Gentlemen," began their host, "I have just accepted a wager, and it is apropos to a second dinner like the one we are just finishing. It is for you to say if Macdean or myself shall have the honor of giving it. Will you kindly decide?"

"Yes, yes," was the response from twenty husky voices.

"Well, then, listen. Hear, hear, you must not interrupt me. The story is somewhat long; somewhat complicated."

"Well, begin anyway."

"Here goes. I have been endeavoring to explain the theory of the comparative smallness of the world to my friend Mr. Macdean, who, strangely enough, has never devoted much thought to this subject, but you all know, certainly, what I mean."

"Not one of us has the slightest idea what you are driving at, and you don't know yourself."

Ashbourne resumed his seat with a comical gesture of discouragement, but as the cries continued from all sides to have him begin again, and after silence once more reigned, he rose and continued that the theory meant only this: "The world had been brought so closely together, that of a necessity everybody must know everybody, and to show it, he was willing to prove that all the guests present were known to him in some manner, either through mutual friends or in business connections, before he had had the pleasure of meeting them personally at Yokohama. Macdean says I cannot prove acquaintance, so to speak, with you all before our meeting, and this has formed the basis of our wager. With the permission of my guests I will endeavor to explain my meaning." But long ago the honored guests had ceased to listen to this harangue, as Ashbourne had held the floor

for some time; but the questions and answers which ensued between himself and his nearest neighbors soon interested his young companions, and very soon they all joined eagerly in the discussion of the theory brought forward by Ashbourne.

The beginning of the trial, for as such it had taken the form, was favorable to Ashbourne; after having asked only a few questions of his neighbor to the right, which proved to be the English consul, it was discovered that he had been at Rugby with his (Ashbourne's) elder brother. It was the first time that those present knew that he had a brother.

"You will all learn to know him soon," said Ashbourne. "I expect him now in a few weeks, and he will gladly take charge of any case you choose to trust him with, as he is a lawyer, and an excellent one, too, as you will see if you give him any opportunity of showing his legal abilities. He had a good practice at Limerick; but my people, and particularly those who have cases, pay

badly, and my brother Daniel, who does not understand the trick of forcing money from them, has not gotten on very well. He has at last consented to take my advice, and will soon follow me to Japan to try his fortune in Yokohama."

Then came next the Dutch consul, who sat on Ashbourne's left, and it was soon discovered that he, too, belonged to the circle of Ashbourne's acquaintance by hearsay, or by reputation. Before he was ordered to Japan he had filled a post in Batavia, where he had entered into very friendly relations with an English merchant who had married a niece of Ashbourne's.

With the third person, which happened to be Mr. Hazlett, it was much more difficult to find the connecting link, but still, after a great deal of search, it was accomplished. After Ashbourne had examined two others in this same manner, with satisfactory results, his triumph could be regarded as certain.

In asking all these questions, Ashbourne

had been obliged to relate the history of his own life by piecemeal, it is true. In order to give some clue to the person he was questioning, he had named many of his relatives, acquaintances, teachers and schoolmates, so that in several instances where he was still questioning a certain one, others would interrupt him to say that they had had some connections with such and such a person which he had just mentioned long before the colony at Yokohama had ever been started.

The conversation grew to be a general one; every one was conversing with his neighbor, endeavoring to find an old acquaintance in him, and if this could be done it was greeted with shouts and outbursts of laughter.

"Listen," called out one. "Gilmore and myself have just discovered that we are cousins."

"I went to a school kept by West's uncle," said a second.

A third called out, "Macdean's cousin was my first unhappy flame."

From all sides similar exclamations were to be heard, and soon the clamor around the table far exceeded that which existed before the controversy was started.

Macdean acknowledged himself conquered, and not that alone; the grim old Scotchman had to admit that by the means of a near relative of the Ashbourne family he had been connected with him for many years, and others gave him proofs that they had frequented the same society since time memorial.

This constant questioning had so absorbed the attention of all the guests that none of them had remarked the strange behavior of Jervis during all this time. At the commencement he had sat without saying a word, evidently intent on balancing a little basket in which two forks lay on the mouth of a bottle; but if anyone had regarded him then, they would have seen large drops of perspiration standing on his forehead. After that he got up, like one who is in need of fresh air, and walked out on the balcony.

As Jervis came back, a few minutes later, the noise had reached its highest point. Every one present had found some old acquaintance among the guests present, and seemed inclined to continue their discoveries in the little world.

Young Gilmore, a friend of Ashbourne's, who had been particularly fortunate in this line, and who, besides having found a cousin, had discovered a half dozen friends of his numerous relatives, who were scattered all over the face of the earth, and of his own acquaintances, turned round at that moment as if looking for some victim to continue his investigations on. His glance fell on Jervis. "Stop!" he called out, pleasantly, and laid his hand in a friendly manner on Jervis' shoulder. "Now it's your turn. If we are not cousins we must at least be old friends. What schools did you visit? Where do your parents live? Where were—" He stopped suddenly; Jervis' face had taken on a death-like hue, and his eyes glared at him in such

an angry and infuriated way that Gilmore became speechless.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked presently.

Some of the guests had been witnesses of this little scene, and now all turned their faces that way, watching Gilmore and Jervis. The sudden quiet which ensued was very much more noticeable than it otherwise would have been, following so instantaneously the preceding laughter and jokes of the boisterous society. All eyes scanned these two young men closely.

"What ails you?" asked Gilmore a second time, in the midst of the deep silence.

Jervis glanced around, an expression of perfect helplessness, of complete confusion, came across his face; then, forcing himself to smile slightly, he said hoarsely: "What ails me? You will all be suffering from this indisposition to-morrow. The wine was too good." Whereupon he staggered toward the door and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

The excuse which Jervis had given for retiring the first on the evening of the day of the races was a very plausible one, but it by no manner of means satisfied Ashbourne and his friends, and Gilmore had done his part toward arousing the belief that the answer to his question was not a true one.

"The man glared at me," he said, "as if he wished to annihilate me by a single glance. I have never seen a glance so full of down-right wickedness in my life. I was perfectly stunned, and even now, when I think of it, I feel buckets of ice water being poured over me. If I had accused Jervis of a crime, instead of asking a harmless question, he could not have looked at me in a more infuriated way. He said he was overpowered by the wine. I do not believe a word of it. Such an intense, such a wicked, glance never proceeded from the eyes of any drunken man. I would be willing to wager he was the soberest man of

us all. Well, what could have offended him so deeply?"

"Probably Gilmore's question. He may have reasons for not caring to speak of his past life. However, I have quite caught the epidemic of Ashbourne's theory. Everybody ought to know everybody, and I mistrust a person I know nothing about."

The suspicious Macdean had made this last remark. The young men with whom he was speaking glanced at each other. They were brave, open men, and no malicious tongues were to be found among them. It was but natural that several had formed their ideas of Jervis, and it was also to be said they were not of the most favorable opinion, but everyone had kept his opinion to himself. However, this episode was not favorable to Jervis. Every one felt this, and himself the keenest of all.

On meeting the following day at the club, they did not avoid him intentionally, but it seemed as if he were surrounded by an insur-

mountable barrier which separated him from the rest and isolated him completely. No one found anything to say to him, and no one approached him. If he attempted to join a group, the conversation died away as if there were a mutual understanding nothing was to be said to him. He seemed like a perfect stranger among this happy, harmonious assembly. He was in the way. The young people had at last discovered what that something was which prevented them from approaching Jervis in the same friendly manner with which they were wont to greet all members. They all knew about each other. Jervis stood alone. No one knew where he came from, or what he intended doing with himself. He did not belong to their little, and yet so widely spread out, world. He was the only stranger of this little colony, which was formed of people originating from all parts of the world.

The summer season in the warm countries interferes greatly with social pleasures. The

long excursions made out of Yokohama had of a necessity been abandoned for a time. The evenings at the club grew shorter, as so many of its members retired early in order to enjoy the fresh morning hours, the pleasantest of the day. After the races were over the track seemed to have lost its great attraction for the sportsmen and was entirely neglected.

Jervis had never been congenial, and had never forced himself into the foreground. The others had made a good deal of him on account of his daring spirit, but suddenly, without any pronounced reason, these gradually ignored him, and soon Jervis found himself perfectly isolated. It seemed as if everybody were afraid to speak to him, and he never addressed a remark the first. He passed all of his old companions on the street with simply a cool bow. Sometimes days would go by without his being seen, as he still continued his long excursions on horseback, and he had nearly ceased his visits at the club, which before the races had been

quite regular. Jervis lived in a little house on the edge of a then entirely unbuilt strip of ground called the moor, surrounded by his Japanese and Chinese servants. Before the arrival of the foreigners, water had covered it, and the evaporation during the summer months had caused several epidemics of fever. At a great expense, a system of drainage was introduced, and the water now found its escape in the near sea.

The moor, whose fertile black soil was soon covered by a rich carpet of grass, separated the European Yokohama from a portion of the city which enjoyed no good reputation. Drinking holes were to be seen at every turning, and during the evenings and nights they were filled with drunken Japanese and Europeans, principally sailors. This part of the town was called the Yankiro, and quarrels of a serious nature took place frequently, and the combatants were often desperately injured.

The respective members of the foreign col-

ony, officials, officers and business men, never cared to show themselves in this district, although some of the old inhabitants would occasionally venture there to show it to some new arrival, in order to familiarize him with the strange customs and usages of the place. Street lamps were introduced in Yokohama much later. In 1860, on dark nights, the streets were all lonely, desolate and gloomy. All the life in the streets ceased with the setting of the sun. Any person wishing to go out after nightfall, either carried a lantern himself or, what was generally the custom, was accompanied by his servants, each of which carried paper lanterns, which were so universally used in Japan and also in China. The lanterns of the officials were ornamented with a coat of arms of the nations which they represented. The merchants had their names, or sometimes only the numbers of their houses, painted on theirs. In this manner they could recognize their friends at quite a distance, and whenever they met, they

gladly joined their forces, as the streets were so very unsafe, and at night one had to be prepared to see armed degenerate noblemen ready to attack them at any corner.

No European put his foot over his threshold in the evening without having a loaded revolver cocked in his hand.

Ashbourne was Jervis' next-door neighbor; their houses were only separated by the large gardens, which were surrounded by wooden fences higher than the occupants of the cottages; but standing on the high balconies, each could see the windows of the other's abode. One night quite a little party had collected at Ashbourne's, as so often happened. It was very warm in the lighted rooms. The mosquitoes, which were attracted by the lights, flocked in, and the guests, in order to escape from these unbidden visitors, retired to the balcony, which was dark and comparatively cool, and had stretched themselves out on the bamboo seats.

The young people were smoking and drinking tea, soda and brandy and were conversing lazily on general topics. They were all tired and lazy, the greater part of the number being worn out from a hard day's work. It had grown very late; the night was still, dark and oppressive. During the evening long pauses in the conversation ensued. The low, monotonous murmur of the near sea, and the sound of the short, quick strokes of two pieces of flat wood from neighboring yards, were plainly to be heard. These pieces of wood were used by the Japanese policemen at certain intervals to show their rounds had been faithfully attended to; but one becomes so accustomed to this piercing noise that even the lightest sleeper is not disturbed by it, and it protects them from thieves and incendiaries, as it shows them the watchman is at his post. Blended with these sounds, the penetrating tones of the sampsin (a sort of guitar) were wafted over the neighboring Yankiro.

The watchman of the next house had just finished his rounds; one of the guests lifted his head at the sound of the signal.

"All the rooms are lighted over at Jervis'," he remarked. "What can the man be doing so late, and all alone?"

"He is studying Japanese," remarked Macdean. "We have the same teacher."

"He seems to wish to become a perfect Japanese," said Ashbourne laughingly. "In his house he may be seen going around in a kimono (a Japanese garment) and sandals. He is taking lessons in fencing from an old nobleman who haunts the place. Early day before yesterday, as I went by his door, I heard cries coming from his yard. I went in, and saw Jervis and a Japanese, with their faces protected, striking furiously at each other with wooden swords as if possessed, and this amusement was accompanied by screams and stamping of feet. Jervis approached me politely and inquired to what cause he could attribute the honor of my

visit. Upon my answering that curiosity alone had driven me in, he replied that he took pleasure in all physical exercise, and that for diversion he was taking fencing lessons from a Japanese. This gentleman listened attentively, as if he understood English, and repeated several times, 'Mr. Jervis is very skilled.' He wanted to exhibit his scholar, and proposed that they should have a bout together, but Jervis refused this proposition flatly. A pretty Japanese girl was crouching down on the veranda before a dish of coals, upon which water was being warmed. Opposite her sat an old woman. They were both smoking and drinking tea. On the mat at their side lay a coto, (a Japanese zither.) I saw neither chairs nor stools. The whole made the appearance of a Japanese, and not an European, interior."

"There comes somebody from the Yankiro over the moor," said Macdean, interrupting Ashbourne's recital.

At a great distance they discovered lan-

terns. The bearers could not be seen, and the lights, appearing and disappearing, looked like large jack-lanterns.

"Let us see who they are," said Ashbourne.

He stepped in the room and returned presently armed with a large field-glass. He looked a little while and said: "Numbers—numbers 28 and 32; West and Dr. Wilkins. We'll call at them and see what they are doing out at such an hour." Placing his hands to his mouth he called out in the still night, "West, Wilkins." Then waiting a few seconds, he repeated the call until a faint answer was heard, "We are coming."

The lanterns approached Ashbourne's house. At a little distance they stopped, then moved again. After a few moments they appeared in the gate-way, and immediately afterwards West and Wilkins, followed by their servants, stepped on the veranda.

Dr. Wilkins said he had been called to the Yankiro to bind up the wounds of a young soldier who had been stabbed by one of the

natives in a drunken brawl. West, who happened to be at his house when he was summoned, accompanied him.

"With whom were you talking when you stopped so suddenly before the house?"

"We met Jervis, and I wished him good evening. He was quite alone, taking a walk in the dark. He will certainly be killed some day. I have warned him many and many a time. I just said to him he was taking a good many risks. He laughed and asked me who would take him in the dark for a Todjin, (a derisive name given to strangers.) He looked exactly like a Japanese. He wore the kimono, a heavy wooden saber hung from his belt, and he had wound a handkerchief around his forehead so that only his bright eyes were to be seen. He is a strange creature, unlike any of us, and I should be afraid to call him friend."

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Jervis seemed to be expecting important communications from China, for every time a steamer arrived he was to be seen among the first at the merchant's to whom the ship was consigned, to receive his letters. He then called for the list of passengers, and disappeared after glancing it through. This was all customary, and aroused no suspicions; not even the shadow of one. One day, at the beginning of June, he appeared at Dana's, just after the Cadix had cast anchor, to get his letters. In the office of the banker he met Captain McGregor, whom he had become personally acquainted with during the voyage of the preceding year.

"Did you have a good voyage, Captain?"

"Excellent; five days and seventeen hours."

"Many passengers?"

"Seven white and twenty Chinese steerage passengers."

"Any one we know?"

"Macdean was among the number. The rest were all strangers, excepting a brother of Ashbourne's."

"Good morning, Captain."

"Good morning, Mr. Jervis."

Strangely enough, Jervis forgot to take his letters with him, which were lying on the table before him. Glancing around cautiously, he took the most direct way for his house. As he was approaching his home, two gentlemen came toward him from the other end of the street,—Thomas Ashbourne and his brother Daniel. They were busily engaged in conversation, and at first did not notice Jervis; but suddenly Daniel saw him, and just at the moment when Jervis had perceptibly quickened his pace, crossed to the other side of the street and was about to disappear in his door-way. The distance between Jervis and the two brothers was about two hundred feet. Daniel stopped short, and covering his face with his hands, for the noon sun was blinding at Yokohama,

he asked, as if buried in thought: "Who is that man?"

"Which man?"

"The one who has just disappeared in that house."

"It is probably Jervis. I did not see him, but he lives there, and seldom has any visitors. He has been to Dana's to get his mail."

"Jervis?"

"Yes, do you know him?"

"No, I do not know any Jervis, or I do not remember him, but it seems to me as if he had a familiar appearance. Perhaps it was only a resemblance. At this moment I do not even know whom he reminds me of."

"You will soon learn to know him, as he is our next-door neighbor; but here we are at home. Welcome under my roof, Dan."

These two brothers resembled each other but little. Daniel seemed to be about five years the older, and he had dark eyes and hair, whereas Thomas was fair; however, their figures were alike. They were both tall

and very slight, and had the same loitering walk.

"Here is your room," said Thomas, leading his brother into a low, but pleasant, room, in the corner of which stood a large, handsome Ningpo bed. A table and several chairs formed the articles of furniture. "And here," he continued, "right next is your bath room. The servant I have engaged for you answers to the musical name of 'To,' and does not understand a word of English. I will introduce him, and then you can see how you can manage with him."

Stepping out of the sliding doors, they reached the balcony, and Thomas said to his brother: "There is the stable, and in that dark building nearer the gate momban is reposing. You will become acquainted with him and his qualities to-night, and now devote your mind to your toilet. It really makes me warm to see you in a woolen suit. See, To has prepared a linen suit for you already. My clothes will fit you."

The servant had quietly entered the room, and now bowed respectfully to his new master,—he knelt on one knee and touched the ground with his forehead. Ashbourne then told him what was to be done, and left the room so as not to disturb his brother at his toilet. Half an hour later, Daniel appeared in the parlor in one of his brother's linen suits, greatly refreshed by a bath.

"To seems to be a most excellent valet," he remarked. "We got along beautifully together; but Inish will be jealous if any one but himself waits on me."

"Who is Inish?"

"My old Irish servant."

"If you had asked my advice I should have told you to leave him in Limerick. The natives always make the best servants. I warn you Inish will leave you and open a gin shop for sailors. All Europeans who come with their masters seem predestined to this fate."

"I will answer for Inish," said Dan. "He is devoted to me, and was the servant of my

friend Lieutenant O'Brien, who met with so tragic an end. Inish was so melancholy after the death of his master that he was obliged to leave the regiment. Knowing how much O'Brien thought of him, I took him and tried to console him, and I have succeeded so well that it would be cruel to give him up."

"Does he generally drink?"

"As little as you could expect from an Irishman and an old soldier."

"That is more than enough. Forbid him going out evenings, or he will be brought home dead before he is many days older. The Japanese officials treat drunken Europeans with characteristic heartlessness."

"Inish never goes out. He is afraid of people. There he comes; the one you suspect without reason."

Inish, accompanied by a sailor from the Cadix, and followed by a Japanese kuli, drawing a wagon filled with baggage, had just entered the yard. He shook hands in a friendly manner with the sailor who had

shown him the way, and leaving the sailor to return to the steamer, he walked directly to the veranda, where he had discovered his master, and, with a military salute, he asked abruptly into what room the baggage was to be taken. As soon as this question was answered, he turned quickly away, without saying a word, to carry the luggage in. The trunks, which he could not carry alone, he made a sign to the Japanese servant to take a hold of, too.

"Well, do you think Inish is going to get into many scrapes?" asked Daniel.

"He makes the impression of a quiet, peace-loving man," was the reply.

"You will scarcely ever hear him or see him. He works from morning until night, and never seems more contented than when in my room or his own."

The brothers had a good deal to talk about during the afternoon. They had been separated for years. At seven they dined, and at about nine they went over to the club

rooms, where Thomas introduced his brother, where he was received by everybody with the greatest cordiality, and he endeavored to justify their kindness, and succeeded in winning all hearts by his pleasant manners. Towards the end of the evening they were all disputing who should have the honor of calling him his guest first.

"I have the best claim," said Macdean. "I owe many of you a dinner, and, besides, do you not remember my lost wager apropos of the smallness of the world?"

"That is fair," said Mr. Mitchell.

So it was decided that the gentlemen who had dined at Ashbourne's the day of the races should meet the next evening at Macdean's, so that Daniel might have the opportunity of becoming more closely acquainted with the principal members of the foreign colony. Thomas took upon himself to invite Jervis in Macdean's name, but, on sending over on the following morning, Jervis said he

regretted exceedingly that he was not well enough to accept the invitation.

The dinner, which took place at the appointed hour, passed off pleasantly. They drank as fifty years ago they did in the best society of Germany, but where, in order to do it now and still respect one's self, one must go to England. After the dinner had been served, and port, sherry and claret had made the rounds several times, the guests began to assume the agreeable mood, called forth by the effects of a good dinner, as they expressed it, and for which their friendly host had been working ever since the meal began.

"It seems to me," called out one of the guests, "as if we were in higher spirits than even at our last gathering."

"Thanks, greatly," laughed Thomas.

West, who had been guilty of this little breach of etiquette, tried to excuse himself. "You have misunderstood me, Ashbourne. I meant, to-day we were all enjoying ourselves,

whereas the last time Jervis sat between us like a stone effigy."

"What is the matter, anyway, with Jervis?" asked another person, turning to Dr. Wilkins. Dr. Wilkins was known as a long-winded man; that is, he spoke a long time, and seemed to enjoy it.

"I will tell you, gentlemen," began the Doctor.

"No, you will not," called out several persons.

And the Doctor was obliged to content himself by telling his neighbor at the left, who happened to be the peace-loving Gilmore, that Jervis was suffering from a nervous trouble, difficult to define, brought on by over-study and physical exertion.

"Jervis nervous?" asked Gilmore incredulously. "The man rides as if he did not know what nerves were."

"You are very much mistaken. Allow me to explain," and the Doctor grew deeply absorbed in a most learned conversation, which

Gilmore only half listened to, as a discussion at the other end of the table interested him more.

Macdean was explaining to Dan, who, as guest of honor, sat at his right, the nature of the wager which had given him the pleasure of having him first as guest.

Ashbourne Jr. felt called upon to begin his lecture again, and spoke with great enthusiasm, with a half-comical, half-earnest manner, which made him so irresistible. "And this theory, gentlemen,"—Gilmore heard from the other end of the table,—"this philosophical theory which is so widely outspread, whose discoverer I flatter myself to be"—

"What on earth are you talking about?" interrupted Mitchell, who, like Gilmore, had not heard the beginning of Ashbourne's lecture.

"Ashbourne insists that man can only be the person he is born to be, and he calls this a philosophical theory. A very pompous

name for so simple a matter, which no one had ever doubted."

"You are a short-sighted Scotchman, Macdean. You never had any misgivings on the subject, because you never thought it over."

"Well, then explain your theory as well as you can;" but Ashbourne excused himself, saying he had already spoken too long, and feared to weary the gentlemen.

However, the main point of his argument he would venture to emphasize again, and that was: "There is room in the world for one hundred and fifty million people, provided, everybody accepts the lot which has befallen to him; otherwise, wherever civilized creatures were to be found, room for the person endeavoring to represent some other individual would be wanting."

"According to your theory, what becomes of a guilty man who has entirely renounced his fellows and fled the country?" inquired Daniel Ashbourne.

"The criminal who flees?" exclaimed Thomas. "Why, he is the strongest proof of all of the correctness of my theory. The man who goes under an assumed name, who has given up his lot in life and individuality, cannot be counted among the living. Certainly, there are stories to the effect that men personating two characters, leading an unauthorized existence, are to be met with in the universe, but these deceivers are not permitted to mingle in the social world at all."

"All that is very pretty and rather difficult to understand; but, as a lawyer, I assure you that if ever a deceiver of that description fell into our hands we would make him feel his existence by imprisoning him or hanging him, as the case may be."

"I do not believe in fugitive criminals."

"Well, here is certainly a new idea. What do you mean by that?"

"The world is too small. A fugitive would soon be captured, or in his endeavors to escape he would be liable to kill himself, and his

body would be found. Nothing is ever lost in the world."

The assembly, after dinner, who had not particularly enjoyed the defining of Ashbourne's theory, was only too willing to listen, as a diversion, to a story, and from all sides one was demanded.

Daniel Ashbourne cleared his throat, and the room gradually grew perfectly still. Some were curious for the promised story, and others did not wish to deprive the guest of honor from speaking.

CHAPTER VI.

"In the year 1854, as I established myself as lawyer in Limerick," began Daniel Ashbourne, "I found an infantry regiment stationed there. I soon became acquainted with quite a number of the officers, who were thorough men of the world, and fascinating. They were principally Irishmen, and jolly companions at the table, great gamblers, and known as the best riders among the nobility; and there was not one of them, who, hunting, would not have ridden as a crow flies.

"The most famous and best rider among this jolly set, and who was recognized as such by all his companions, was a lieutenant by the name of Edwin Hellington. He was the youngest son of a rich, highly-respected family, had a good allowance from home, and was able to keep his own horses, and, in some way or another, he always succeeded in securing the best which were to be had in the market. His glance and his judgment were

exceedingly sure whenever a horse was in question, and the best horse-dealer could not in any way deceive the young stripling. He was in great demand by all the gentry, and, as he bet heavily, he won a large sum during the year I was in Limerick. To be an acknowledged expert at riding was looked upon as a great honor in the regiment. The officers were not envious, and were glad he was able to supply himself with horses. So every season, at the risk of breaking his limbs or neck, he managed to use up several pretty thoroughly; but he was not a favorite, and led a very retired life, seldom took part in the general jollifications, and was never to be seen at a ball; and when he was free he rode out on solitary ways, where he seemed to delight in racing his horse.

"It was an easy matter for me to be introduced to all the officers, from the Colonel to the youngest officer; but Hellington I could only manage to catch occasional glimpses of, and then at a distance.

"One of his companions, Lieutenant Charles O'Brien, who, after Hellington, was the best steeple-chase rider in the regiment, and with whom I had become particularly well acquainted, said to me one day as I expressed a wish to meet his celebrated rival: 'I can introduce you to him, but I warn you, you will meet an exceedingly disagreeable fellow.'

"The same day I studied Hellington's face more closely than ever before. It was cold and cruel. He had red hair, an exceedingly high, white forehead; small, sharp eyes, which had a way of looking at you out of the corners, and which wandered attentively from object to object; a light red beard, which covered cheeks, lips and chin, prevented the shape of the mouth and face to be recognized. For a moment our eyes met, and he probably observed I was watching him, for he gave me a glance so sharp and full of hatred that I actually felt myself to be personally insulted, and willingly I turned my eyes from him

without any desire to become better acquainted.

"A few weeks later the great race in which the officers participated was held. The event of the day was to be a steeple-chase, for which all the best-known horses of the nobility and officers had been secured. Hellington rode on this occasion a dark horse, entirely strange to the assembly, that passed the tribune with wonderful swiftness even from the start, and took immediately the lead. He started at too fast a gait, some claimed, to last. Others said he knew what he was about. The horse did seem to be indefatigable, and as long as the spectators could see it, there was a distance of ten lengths between him and the next horse. Then all the riders disappeared behind a little wood. When, after a few moments, they came in sight again, several horses were neck to neck.

"'The blue and white is ahead,' somebody cried. 'O'Brien has the start. What has become of Hellington?'

"For a moment all eyes were riveted on the spot where the riders disappeared behind the woods. 'Something must have happened to Hellington,' somebody cried; but quickly the attention was concentrated on the little group which rapidly approached the tribune. 'The blue and white wins. Hurrah for O'Brien!'

"A great many of the spectators rushed forward to the dismounting place to see the fortunate winner weighed; but those who remained on the stand saw how, last of all, Hellington came dashing forward. His horse had not been spared the spurs, but the rider sat securely in the saddle, and not the slightest particle of mud was to be found on his coat. It was impossible that the man should have fallen. After he had passed the tribune, he turned suddenly around and left the track. His groom came up and took the horse by the bridle. As the master, so was the servant; they each resembled death-heads more than human beings.

"'What happened?' asked the groom anxiously.

"'Damned dizziness; that's all,' Hellington replied shortly.

"He was pale, and his eyes shone like a serpent.

"'To the scales,' he ordered.

"There the place was quite forsaken, as long ago it was decided that O'Brien's horse had won. However, the members of the tribune were still present, whose duty it had been to weigh the riders. Without saying a word, Hellington took the saddle, bridle and riding whip in his hand and stepped on the scales.

"'Is the weight correct?' he asked of the committee, and on their replying in the affirmative, he said, 'I wish to protest against this race.'

"Such protests did not occur often at the races, but they were admissible. In a very short time the judges, the chief directors and the commander of the regiment, Colonel

Wicklow, were gathered in a little room in order to hear the complaint and to decide as to the decision to be adopted. Outside everybody was wondering why the name of the winner was so long withheld from the public by the jury, whose duty it was to make the fact officially known.

"Hellington before the judges complained that since the last trial running the track had been changed in one particular spot, and that the alterations had been made known to the participants in the race in such a manner that only a man fully initiated in the change could hope to adapt his horse's gait and movement to it. He himself had not been informed at all in regard to the change, had guided his horse wrong owing to it, and that was the sole reason why he had not won the race.

"Colonel Wicklow observed to Hellington that the manner in which his remarks were made was anything but gentlemanly, and particularly so, as he seemed to doubt of the

bona fides of the committee. It was his fault he had not informed himself of the change in the track.

"Hellington shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and said: 'If he were to be reminded that he was before his superior officers, he had nothing more to say; but that until this, he had always lived with the idea that everybody should have fair play at the races, and that that had not been the case, as O'Brien had known the track, and not himself.'

"'Lieutenant Hellington,' the commander said, 'if you continue in that manner you will force me to refuse hearing anything further from you.'

"'At your service, Colonel Wicklow,' Hellington answered, turned on his heel and left the room.

"In general he was a very reserved man, and for the first time since he entered the regiment he seemed to lose entire control over his frightful temper. He drew on an

overcoat over his jockey costume, put on a hat and sat down before the table, waiting for the next race to come in which he was to participate, hitting his boots with the riding whip and conversing in a very loud voice with his groom, who, between whistling and swearing, was devoting his time to rubbing down the horse. Several officers who were standing near left the place, so that a fellow officer should not compromise himself in their presence. It was very evident that Hellington was insane from anger, and hardly responsible for anything he might do.

"About half an hour later the bell was rung for the start for the last steeple-chase. O'Brien and Hellington mounted at the same instant.

"'This time I will not lose you from sight,' Hellington called out in a spirited manner.

"O'Brien, whose friends had all begged him not to venture on anything again with Hellington, rode quietly toward the ring as if he had heard nothing at all.

"During the first part of the distance, and after two obstacles had been surmounted, the two horses kept so closely together that they could have been covered with the same blanket. Suddenly O'Brien gave a little more freedom to his horse, who gained a trifle on the others.

"'Hellington is giving O'Brien the right of way,' everybody said. 'See how he is holding back!'

"These two had left the others some distance behind. They were approaching a wall, which both leaped at the same time. The next obstacle was a fence, behind which there was a deep ditch. O'Brien let his horse out and rode rapidly forward. On his left, Hellington's mare's head was even with the saddle. It was impossible to clearly define the situation from the tribune, as O'Brien's horse hid that of his opponent fully half from view. Twenty feet before the fence O'Brien was seen to lean to the right a trifle. Immediately after his horse lifted himself prepara-

tory to taking the jump. In the same moment it made a quarter of a turn toward the right, hit the fence with its hind legs, and rolled into the ditch. Hellington cleared the space, with the riding whip held high in his hand. O'Brien was thrown violently out of the saddle, and the spectators saw him fall, face downward, with outstretched arms, several feet from his horse. He got up quickly, caught the horse by the bridle, and by dint of the whip and urging, he succeeded in getting it out of the ditch. He sprang into the saddle, and, followed by the triumphant shouts of all present, he began the race anew; but the other horses had all passed him. Captain Glenarm had the lead. Hellington's horse, who had seemed to become restive and unwilling to keep its gait, came in fourth. They approached the stand, and O'Brien, who was forced to abandon all hopes of winning, quieted his horse into a slow gallop, passed the tribune, and came walking to the dismounting place. After he had been weighed,

he said the accident was caused by the manner in which Hellington ran his horse into his, and in order to strengthen his assertion, he called for witnesses those who had been directly behind him, and who had seen the entire affair.

"Both were escorted into the room where the judges were again assembled. O'Brien repeated his accusation, and Hellington replied he had crowded him to the right, and that he was not responsible for it. His horse, against his will, had leaned that way, and everybody could testify that the animal was a capricious one. But the witnesses held to it that Hellington had intentionally driven O'Brien into a corner. The decision of Captain Glenarm was anything but favorable to Hellington. He said he felt persuaded that Hellington could have won if he had wished to, and the fact of his coming in fourth was a mystery. Furthermore, Hellington could have taken the lead at any time, but acted as if he were chained to O'Brien. Just before the

fence, O'Brien turned quickly to the right, in order to have more room. 'I am convinced, gentlemen, that at that time Hellington was perfect master of his horse, who seemed to go along very steadily, and I cannot understand, knowing, as we all do, what an expert horseman he is, why it would have been a difficult matter for him to have taken the leap a few feet to the left of O'Brien at a time when O'Brien was at the extremity of the right side of the track. Hellington, on the contrary, had the entire left side of the track, as I came third, and was considerably behind him. I cannot swear that Lieutenant Hellington had the intention of riding down O'Brien, but if he did not, he certainly rode badly.'

"Captain Glenarm was acknowledged the winner, and the committee refused to express their opinion about the affair. However, the public was greatly incensed against Hellington.

"The evening of the same day, Mr. Don-

egha, the Major of the regiment, went to Lieutenant Hellington, in the name of the Jockey Club, to advise him to withdraw from the sporting society of Limerick. Hellington understood that advice was only a polite way of expressing a command, and without waiting for further counsel, he wrote the asked-for letter. Donegha, who was a full-blooded Irishman and an enthusiastic admirer of all experts at riding, and whose morals regarding the turf were so exceedingly liberal as nearly to have caused his own expulsion, was anxious to comfort the man who sat beside him with tightly-compressed lips. He stretched his hand out and said in a tone which showed how much he was affected, 'I am terribly sorry, Hellington, this should have happened to you.'

"Hellington, without taking any notice of Donegha's hand, clenched his teeth still closer together and said very low, 'Listen what I say, Major Donegha, others will regret it, too."

"At present, however, it seemed that Hellington alone would bemoan the fact that he had conducted himself like a blackguard, as on the following day a committee composed of officers met and decided, after a short consultation, that an officer guilty of such a misdemeanor, and who had been requested to hand in his resignation, could no longer enjoy the honor of serving in her Majesty's army.

"In order to avoid a public scandal, he should quietly be given to understand his departure was the only thing his companions in arms still desired from him. At first they could not agree how the decision should be communicated to Hellington. At last, however, the kindest way was adopted; that is, a friend was to inform Hellington, in confidence, what had happened.

"Hellington received the message with the greatest possible composure, and said: 'I knew it would terminate so. I stood in the way of too many people. Now the way is

clear for the next best man. Here, take my resignation with you, and do not forget to mention that it lay sealed on my desk when you came in.'

"Hellington began making preparations to leave Limerick the same day. Everybody (the affair had become town talk) expected this move, and so Hellington's landlady was not surprised when he asked for his bill. Immediately after which he called his groom to him and said: 'I am going to leave Limerick early to-morrow. If you want to make a good business transaction, I will sell you the brown mare and all that is to be gained from her running. I would sooner see her in your possession than that of a horse-dealer, as you have always served me faithfully.' But the groom, instead of accepting the offer, said: 'I have nothing to keep me here. Take me with you, and I will follow you to the world's end.'

"'I can have no more use for you,' replied

Hellington; 'but do not worry, as you will easily find another master.'

"'None like you,' was the reply. 'None who understands horses so perfectly.'

"'It cannot be arranged; but possibly we will meet again somewhere. Do you want the mare?'

"'I cannot afford it, sir. After our training she is worth at least two hundred pounds.'

"'Yes, and add fifty more to it, my good fellow; but that we will not discuss any longer. I bought the mare for ninety pounds, and you shall have her for the same price.' Hellington seemed to be lost in thought for a moment, and then said suddenly, 'I will give her to you;' and then he made a sign to his groom to leave him, and he, knowing that under any circumstances his master was to be obeyed, returned thoughtfully to the stable.

"Very early the next morning Hellington took his departure from Limerick. He left a

small amount of his baggage in his room, saying he would send for it in a few days, and left without bidding a single person 'good by.'

"During the day the officers talked a good deal about him, and then soon he was forgotten. He was to them a man overboard, who, as long as he was on the surface, was to be watched, but as soon as he sank, the darkness of forgetfulness seemed to surround him. His friends seemed to think he had gone to Dublin in order to take the steamer for England, but no one knew what had become of him.

"A week later O'Brien's groom was awakened in the dead of the night by a peculiar noise which came from his master's adjoining room. Half asleep, he raised himself on his elbow and noticed the door stood ajar, and that somebody was going cautiously down the stairs. Immediately the street door opened and closed. Steps hurrying away were distinctly heard, and then all was silent.

The groom, who had been awakened out of a sound sleep, could not at first grasp the significance of such an untimely visit, but at last a fear stole over him something had happened to his master. Everything was dark in the room. He began feeling around for the matches, which were near his bed, but suddenly he remained motionless and breathless. From the next room frightful groans were to be heard. He jumped up and rushed to his master; but there, too, everything was dark, and from the bed the terrible groans broke the death-like stillness of the room.

"'Lieutenant, Lieutenant O'Brien, my kind master, for God's sake speak!'

"The only reply was groans indicating the greatest physical agony.

"The groom seemed transfixed. At last he ran back to his room, threw a few clothes on and ran down stairs to Captain Glenarm, who lived in the same house, and who awoke suddenly as he heard somebody pounding on his door. With a bound he reached and

opened it, and the trembling voice of O'Brien's groom greeted him with the words, 'Come quickly, somebody has murdered my master.'

"'Who? What?'

"The poor groom could not answer. He was still endeavoring to strike a light. Glenarm snatched the matches from him, lit the candle and stepped into O'Brien's room, closely followed by O'Brien's groom. There everything seemed to be in its proper place, but on the bed lay O'Brien, his face covered with blood, and his glassy eyes staring around, with his skull crushed in. Glenarm took hold of the still warm hand of this desperately-wounded man, and then he turned to Inish, the groom, who stood ringing his hands behind him. 'Run as quickly as you can to Dr. Morrison, and tell the first policeman you see to come here. A murder has been perpetrated; but, above all, bring the doctor. Do you understand?'

"Glenarm's groom was also awake by this time, and had been sent by his master to

Colonel Wicklow to inform him of the occurrence. An hour later, the doctor, several officers and three policemen were gathered in the dying man's room. The physician said the crime had been done with a blunt instrument; probably a so-called life protector had been used in crushing his skull. 'He has no chance for life, and never will be conscious. He may live a few hours longer, but there is no saving this young life.'

"One of the policemen had taken Inish aside and had learned from him the little he knew. He then conferred with his confreres and then hastened away, to follow, if possible, the still fresh tracks of the murderer.

"Colonel Wicklow, Captain Glenarm and two other officers who had come with the Captain, stood there, pale and entirely undecided what to do next.

"'Do you want to know my opinion?' asked Wicklow, darkly; and without waiting a reply, he said: 'This is the work of that villain Hellington, and of no one else. O'Brien

was the most popular officer of my regiment. Nothing has been touched in this room, a sign that no thief has committed this shameful deed. This is the work of revenge alone.'

"'What did you say then, Colonel? Have the kindness to repeat that remark.' These words came from a lank, long-boned individual who had entered the room without being seen.

"'My name is Police Inspector Hudson,' he said in answer to an inquiring look from the Colonel.

"Before the day had hardly dawned, a description of Hellington was telegraphed to all the seaport towns of England, Scotland and Ireland. In Limerick nothing was discussed the entire day but the terrible tragedy, and no one doubted but that the police would succeed in capturing the murderer. Quite a number gathered around the telegraph station awaiting the news that Hellington had been arrested, but the telegraph did not seem to be inclined to be communicative. The crowd

dispersed at last. But even the papers the following morning published nothing regarding the capture of the murderer.

"The report was circulated in the town that the police had forbidden the papers to publish anything, in the fear that the tracking of the murderer might in some way be impeded; but be that as it may, nothing was learned of Hellington. The only thing known was, he was being sought in vain. The proofs of his guilt grew stronger and stronger daily. The house was discovered in Dublin where he had lived several days after having left Limerick under his proper name. It was ascertained that Hellington had left Dublin on the evening before the murder, and had not returned at all. Several officers of the line of the Dublin and Limerick Express said they had noticed a passenger answering to the description of Hellington.

"The fact that since the murder Hellington had so completely disappeared, and that all the efforts which were being made to discover

his whereabouts remained without success, as well as the official command addressed to himself to surrender, sufficed to convince those who had in any way espoused either side of the terrible charge brought against Hellington of his guilt.

"The Times published a leading article about him. In all the other papers, under the heading of 'Murder in Limerick,' biographical sketches of him were given, and the Illustrated London News gave a likeness of him to the public, taken from a photograph found in the possession of his groom; but it was all in vain. The search for the fugitive extended the world over, and from no corner of the earth was an answer received. Once they thought the right track had been discovered. In a little fishing village ten hours north of Limerick, several weeks later, a fisherman was discovered who lived with his family in a semi-civilized condition on the smallest of the Aran Islands, on the west shore of Ireland, and who said some

time ago a stranger appeared, he could not recall the day, and purchased from him an old mast and a sail,—everything in that line he owned. He paid him liberally in English money, and then disappeared in the same boat he came in. The next day several boats passed, all going west; and it was possible one of them had picked him up. About the general appearance of the stranger the fisherman could say nothing.

"'Was he young, tall or short?'

"'Neither the one nor the other.'

"'Fair or dark?'

"That the man had long since forgotten. 'The man looked wild and desperate, and frightened me, and I was glad to see the last of him.'

"Lloyds', Veratis and other ship registers were consulted. By experienced people it was decided, so far as it was possible, what ship the first day after the murder could possibly have passed in sight of the Aran Islands; and the officials where the steamers had landed

were all telegraphed to, but without success. Hellington remained lost.

"Since that time five years have passed. Poor O'Brien is forgotten, and nothing has been heard from Hellington."

Ashbourne had finished his story, and a long silence ensued.

At last Macdean said, "He must have been drowned."

"That is very possible," replied Daniel Ashbourne.

"But, if alive, he will be found," replied Tom Ashbourne. "There is no room in the world for one who has lost or forfeited his place."

It had grown very late. No one seemed inclined to enter into a discussion with the editor of the Sun, and the party broke up more quietly than was generally the case.

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Wilkins did not have a very extensive practice, as the general state of health of this young foreign colony left very little to be wished for; and so it happened that his patients could boast of very good care being taken of them, and of the regularity of the doctor's visits.

Since Jervis had announced his indisposition, he had received daily visits from the physician. On the day after the dinner spoken of in the last chapter where the older brother had related the narrative in reference to the disappearance of Hellington, Dr. Wilkins appeared at his regular hour (at about ten o'clock) at Jervis', and after he had conscientiously inquired about the general health of his patient, he lighted his cigar, called for a glass of soda and brandy, and established himself in a hammock on the cool veranda. "Well, now I am through with my daily rounds," he remarked, yawning. "I have

never imagined a climate equal to that of this blessed seaport. Not a person can be persuaded to become ill. Life insurance companies ought to send agents over to Yokohama. As for physicians, they do not earn enough to keep body and soul together. Yesterday evening we sat together until three this morning, and as I started on my daily rounds I met the two Ashbournes and Gilmore returning from a morning ride, and they looked as fresh and gay as if they had enjoyed their prescribed seven hours sleep.

"You staid until three at Macdean's? Who won?"

"We did not play at all."

"Well, what did you do the entire night through?"

"We were listening to Ashbourne Sr., who was telling stories of murders committed in Ireland."

Jervis made no reply. He sat in a low bombay chair, somewhat behind the hammock,

so that the doctor could only see his face by turning half around.

Wilkins waited a moment in order to be invited to tell his newly-acquired story. As Jervis still remained silent, the doctor began of his own accord. He condensed the story somewhat, although omitting none of the principal features. Jervis never interrupted him, and the doctor was deeply gratified by the great attention of his listener.

"Mr. Ashbourne knew the man personally?" Jervis asked in a low tone of voice.

"Knew him as I know you. He had seen him a hundred times," replied Wilkins, turning around to look Jervis in the face. "Hello," he exclaimed, sitting up quickly, "what ails you?"

"Nothing at all," was the reply; but Dr. Wilkins, mindful of the physician's duties, was not satisfied with the answer. He felt his forehead and pulse, and gave him a powder, and left only after Jervis had expressed a desire to take a nap.

"Lie down in the hammock. You will have good air there. Before dinner I will call again. By that time I shall hope to find you greatly improved."

After Wilkins had left, Jervis remained for some time, perfectly motionless, seated. His eyes, which were generally so restless, were fastened upon the ground. Presently he drew a heavy breath, wiped the perspiration, which stood in great drops on his forehead, got up slowly and went into his room. Wilkins found him there when he came in at six. Jervis had to submit to another thorough examination. After the ordeal was over, the doctor said he would send him six powders immediately; two of which were to be taken at once, two more before retiring, and the remaining two early the following morning. He repeated his instructions several times, as if it were of great importance that they should be obeyed, and each time Jervis replied, "Yes, doctor," in a very serious manner.

The powders came very promply, but he did not touch them. At seven he sat down to dinner, ate but little, and returned immediately to his room, where he remained alone. When the servant brought a light in he ordered him to take it out again, and to have the parlor darkened, as the mosquitoes troubled him so the night before.

Ashbourne's house was, as usual, brilliantly illuminated, and from Jervis' veranda one could distinctly see what was going on there. Our patient seemed to take the greatest interest in the proceedings, as he held an opera glass to his eyes and glanced over there constantly. The two brothers were alone, and seemed to be deeply engrossed in conversation. At about nine o'clock Thomas seated himself at a desk and began to write. A moment later Daniel took his hat and, accompanied by a Japanese servant, left the house.

Early the next morning Wilkins came to see Jervis. He looked forlorn and discouraged. Wilkins, endeavoring to cheer him up,

said the evening had been such a lively one at the club. Daniel Ashbourne was such a charming man, and had entertained and amused the society all the evening with his stories of Ireland.

"And what does Thomas Ashbourne say when anybody else has the floor for such a time but himself?" asked Jervis.

"Thomas had some writing to do for the Sun, so Daniel came alone. We were all so glad to see him. I am perfectly convinced you will like him; and then he is very anxious to meet you, as he is a thorough Irishman, and has taken a deep interest in you ever since we told him you were the best rider in the settlement. If you would like to have me, I will bring him around to-morrow and introduce him."

"No, I would prefer not," said Jervis quietly. "I do not feel well enough at present to enjoy making any new acquaintances. I hope I shall soon be able to go out, and then we shall meet quite naturally."

"Just as you prefer," replied the indulgent physician. "If you feel inclined to take a little stroll this evening, I will call for you with pleasure. I promised to initiate Daniel in the mysteries of the Yankiro, as a stranger can do that better than one's own brother. We have a rendezvous at nine near here, and I could call you from the balcony."

"No, I think not to-night, doctor; some other time."

After Wilkins had left, Jervis paced the veranda a long time wrapped in deep thought. One of his servants approached him to execute some command, but he was so startled at the wild expression of his master's face that he tip-toed away quietly without having dared to disturb him.

About half an hour later Jervis had the porter summoned and sent him over to Yeddo to make some few purchases for him. The momban remarked quietly that it was already quite late, and he could not possibly reach his post before the night had begun,

Jervis, however, said shortly he need not appear in Yokohama until the next day. For so long a time the house must get along without him.

The porter was only too pleased to have a free day to spend entirely at his own disposition at Yeddo, and half an hour after Jervis' order had been given he appeared, ready for the start, to take leave of his master.

When it began to grow dark, Jervis summoned the comprador (the first house servant) and said: "The momban is not here to-night. Take it upon yourself to see that all lights in the house and stables are extinguished at ten. An accident might easily occur, and the servants are very careless with the lights." The comprador assured his master that he would see himself that his commands were obeyed.

At nine o'clock Jervis was seated on the veranda, and, as on the preceding evening, he never took his eyes off his neighbor's house, which was well lighted. In one of the rooms

three people were distinctly visible,—the two brothers and Dr. Wilkins. At half past nine Thomas went again to his desk and the two others started out. Jervis heard them conversing as they passed the house, and saw them, followed by two servants, strike across the plains to the Yankiro. The sound of their steps soon died away on the soft ground. A few moments longer Jervis could follow the lanterns, and then they, too, disappeared in the solitary night, which soon became so forsaken, so quiet, so death-like. The sky was covered with heavy, black clouds. The distant waves beat against the shore in such a sullen manner as if predicting an approaching thunder-storm.

The comprador had made the rounds of the house, and nowhere in the entire inclosure, a view of which Jervis commanded from the veranda, where he stood breathing quickly and listening intently for the slightest sound, was a spark of light to be seen. The house and grounds seemed to be buried in

the profound darkness of the night. About midnight four men—two Europeans and two natives—left the Yankiro and started slowly for Yokohama. The servants led the way, in order to light the narrow, uneven paths with the lanterns they carried. Both the Europeans were deeply engrossed in conversation, or rather one was talking eagerly and the other listening intently, interrupting his companion occasionally to ask some question. They were about in the middle of the plains as the speaker quickly turned around and saw a dark mask spring suddenly out; heard the same moment a heavy blow and a sharp cry, and saw his companion stagger, gesticulate violently with his arms, stumble along a few feet, and fall full length, face downward, on the ground.

"Murder, help!"

The servants sprang quickly to the doctor's side, held the lanterns up and saw, thirty feet from them, a figure which seemed borne by wings over the plains. One or two pistol

shots were exchanged, and the retreating figure was swallowed up in the blackness.

Thomas Ashbourne, seated at his desk with windows and doors wide open, started up suddenly. He had just heard a frightful scream, and following it quickly, the breezes of the night carried to his ear the words, "Murder, help," and then the two shots. Ashbourne rushed out on the veranda, saw two lanterns which moved about quickly in a very limited circuit, and then remained stationary. A moment later Thomas was speeding quickly across the plains to the place where the lanterns were gathered. A man was lying on the ground with a large wound in his back. Wilkins was kneeling by his side and the two servants stood near him. The wounded man was bathed entirely in his own blood, and did not move.

"What can I do, doctor?" called out Thomas. "Oh, my God, Dan, my brother. Help!"

He threw himself on the ground and

grasped the hand, already growing cold, which had buried itself in the earth. The blow, which seemed to have been dealt by a butcher's ax, had cleaved the back from the left shoulder way through to the spinal column. Help was in vain. The victim lay there already in the agonies of death. A peculiar sound, as if striving for breath, came from his breast. A shiver went through his entire frame. He straightened himself out once more, and all was over.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nearly all the inhabitants of the English colony were assembled in the room of the English consulate. A session was being held, at which Mr. Mitchell presided, to see if any light could be thrown upon the murder of Daniel Ashbourne, a lawyer of Limerick, Ireland. The witnesses, as many as they could find, were kept in the next room closely watched by an official. They consisted of Dr. Wilkins, James Jervis, Walter Macdean, A. Gilmore, and the Chinese comprador of James Jervis. In courtesy to the great grief which Ashbourne had so recently sustained, he and his servant, Patrick Inish, were interrogated in another room. Their testimony had been read, however, by the English consul to the assembly. They testified that Daniel Ashbourne had never had any dispute with any Chinese, and that the idea that his death might be laid to the door of revenge from that quarter must immediately be dis-

missed. Dr. Wilkins, the principal witness, after a full account of the tragic event on the moor, in answer to many questions asked him by the court, added that Daniel Ashbourne's manner regarding the natives of the Yankiro was quiet and unoffending, and that he (Dr. Wilkins) would be ready to swear that the murdered man had never given provocation for the deed to any man or woman in the Yankiro. "How could Dr. Wilkins explain the fact that neither he nor the servants seemed to have remarked the presence of the murderer?"

"The night was dark. The lanterns lighted only the little stretch of road between the servants and ourselves. The murderer could easily have come up behind us without being seen. I was deep in conversation with Mr. Ashbourne, and even the servants were speaking together in a half whisper. I can easily understand how a slight sound could be overlooked, considering the soft ground of the moor, and particularly so, as it had been de-

cided that the murderer wore sandals. I believe that he approached us without any noise whatever. The first sound which attracted my attention, I think, was the rustle of a garment worn by the murderer caused by his motion preparatory to the blow."

"What did you notice particularly about the murderer during his flight?"

"It was a man resembling a deer in the manner in which he seemed to bound from place to place, and in a moment's time he disappeared completely in the night. I had no time to aim at him, although I carried a revolver ready for use in my hand, and I fired at random only. He ran in the direction of the Japanese city, and wore the customary Japanese costume of some dark color. He seemed to me to be somewhat tall for a native. I am inclined to say from what few observations I could make that the man was an athlete."

"And you say, Dr. Wilkins, that the murderer must have used a Japanese sword?"

"Undoubtedly; there is no European weapon of to-day that could be used with so much force as the one used to fell Daniel Ashbourne to the ground."

"Have you anything else to add to your statement?"

"No, consul."

After Dr. Wilkins, James Jervis was called into the room. He was not feeling well, as Dr. Wilkins testified soon after his examination began, and consequently the court granted him permission to be seated. Jervis did look miserably. He replied to the first necessary questions addressed him regarding his identity in a low tone of voice. His answers were short and connected, and given without the slightest hesitation.

"James Jervis, you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"So help me God!"

"Kiss the Bible."

James complied with the command.

"What do you know about the murder of Daniel Ashbourne?"

"I was sleeping when cries for help reached me faintly, followed immediately by two pistol shots fired in quick succession, and which banished the very thought of sleep from me. I went to the window and saw several lanterns in the middle of the moor just before me. I dressed myself quickly, and as I was feeling wretchedly and could not for a moment imagine the seriousness of the accident, I awoke my groom, as he is the fleetest one of my servants on foot, and told him to run quickly to the spot where the lanterns were gathered and to bring me back word as soon as possible about what had occurred. The man was half asleep, and a few minutes elapsed before I saw him leave the house. In the meantime the other servants had become awakened, and my comprador came out and joined me on the veranda. Suddenly a little way from us we saw a man rush by in the direction of the Japanese city towards the

hills. We could only see him a moment as he crossed the small patch of ground before the house. It was a Japanese or Chinaman, and not an European. I could see that distinctly from his garments even in the short space of time he was visible to us. I called to my second groom and ordered him to pursue the man as rapidly as possible. I promised him a handsome sum of money if he could tell me what became of the man. Half a moment later he started out to overtake the murderer, but in about fifteen minutes he came back breathless, saying he and run all the way to Hormura, a village near Yokohama, without having seen a living person. A few moments later my first groom returned with the news of the murder of my neighbor. He assisted them to carry the body to Daniel Ashbourne's house, and that is all I can testify regarding the event."

The Chinese comprador of Jervis, who could not take an oath, was then called forward in order that the court might have

more information, testified to exactly what his master had said. About the personal appearance of the man who had rushed by the house he could say nothing. All he could relate was: "Something like a shadow darted by. In that moment I did not even recognize that it was a man, and just as Mr. Jervis was calling my attention to the fact, he disappeared entirely. Even his footsteps were not to be heard."

Mr. Macdean, Mr. Ashbourne's second neighbor, could say but very little also towards the explanation of the murder. He was awakened by the noise on the moor, got up and dressed quickly, and ran to the spot where the lanterns were. There he met Dr. Wilkins, Thomas Ashbourne, and two Japanese servants. Soon after Betto, Jervis' servant, arrived, and we all carried the body of Daniel Ashbourne to his house. He had not even had a glimpse of the murderer, but he remembered now having heard, while in his room, a slight noise as if some one were

climbing a board fence. In that moment he paid no attention to it, as he was so anxious to reach the moor.

Last of all Mr. Gilmore testified he left the English club a few moments before midnight to go home. As he turned into a side street he was nearly run over by a Japanese. He thought for a moment the man was going to attack him, but with one bound the man gained the other side of the street and disappeared. He was a tall, slender man, but he (Gilmore) could not see his face, as, according to the Japanese custom, he had it covered with a cloth to the eyes. This ended the trial.

The jury withdrew, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, they returned with a unanimous verdict that according to the corroborating statements of all the witnesses, Daniel Ashbourne, of Limerick, Ireland, was murdered on the night of the 12-13th of June, about midnight, when crossing the moor near Yokohama, by an unknown assassin, who

employed a sharp, heavy instrument, probably a Japanese sword, in committing the crime; and that the murderer, after the deed, seemed to escape in a westerly direction from the moor towards the Japanese city, and from there in an easterly direction towards the hills. Since then the murderer had found means to elude detection.

CHAPTER IX.

In the early morning of the following day Daniel Ashbourne was laid at rest. All the members of the English colony, and many Americans and Germans, were present at the funeral. Directly behind the casket, as first mourner, came Thomas Ashbourne with his head bowed way down with grief,—the brother of the murdered man. At his side walked Patrick Inish. Then came a long procession of the members of the foreign colony.

Jervis had said to his physician, the evening of the day before, he felt too unwell to go to the funeral. Wilkins observed his patient would be more politic in not refusing to be present. "You were seen yesterday at the consul's, and they know you are able to go out. Certainly unfriendly remarks would be made about your absence. Take my advice and go. I will not leave you a moment."

Jervis answered after a little that if it were

possible he would go. He did attend the funeral, and every one saw that it was no easy matter for him to climb the steep hill on whose summit the church-yard lay. He looked ghastly and discomposed. Several times he stopped, breathing heavily, and passed his hand over his forehead, on which large drops of perspiration stood. Every one was grateful to him for making such an effort in order to pay the last respects to Daniel Ashbourne, and many of his companions who had avoided him for weeks came up and shook him by the hand and asked in a friendly manner how he felt.

The cemetery was a wonderfully beautiful and peaceful spot; a lovely grove, which some time before had belonged to a Japanese temple, the ruins of which could be distinctly seen but a little way off. Trees, hundreds of years old, grew in this grove, and their powerful branches interlaced, forming a perfect lattice-work of green, under which it was so peaceful, so quiet. On reaching the ceme-

tery, which, seen from the valley, resembled a citadel, a magnificent panorama lay before one. The endless sea in front; to the left was the city of Yokohama, and to the right the mountains of Hakkoni, whose highest peak, the crater of Fusi-Yama, towered over the surrounding country, and seemed to act as sentinel. The hill was very steep on the three sides just described. Indeed, in the direction of the sea and the city it seemed to form a perpendicular wall. Dwarf trees and hardy bushes had taken refuge in the crevices of the rock, and a sort of a greenish-black moss had provided the entire wall with a luxurious soft carpet.

At the foot of the hill several small fishing huts had been built. The road which lay on the opposite side of the hill to the sea, and which led to the town, had been made to wind up the hill in a very zigzag manner.

The foreign colony of Yokohama had had the cemetery surrounded by a high stone wall, and two Japanese watchmen were

appointed, who lived in a little hut near the principal entrance, to protect the graves from desecration.

The casket in which Daniel Ashbourne was at rest lay over the open grave. The clergyman made a few remarks, read the prayers of the dead, and then by a sign gave the order to have the casket lowered. When this was done, the friends stepped to the open grave, and in compliance with an old custom, they threw a handful of earth on the lid. "Dust to dust." Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish, who had done it first, stepped a little aside and remained immovable on the brink of the grave. Ashbourne's gaze seemed to be riveted on the casket covered with fresh flowers and branches; whereas Inish's eyes were fixed mechanically upon the spot where one after another came, and as if to take a parting greeting, stooped over the grave and then silently returned to their places. The solemn procession lasted some moments in the midst of a death-like silence, made all the

more terrible by the thud of the earth as it fell on the casket. Quiet, suppressed sobs broke the silence, and from the sea very faintly and distant, like the pendulum motion of some immense clock, the uninterrupted stroke of oars which was carrying a boat beyond the cliff, reached their ears. As in a dream, Inish saw the strangers come and go from his master's grave; but suddenly a wild expression came over his death-like face. His eyes were dilated and seemed riveted on the man who, staggering, was intent on leaving the grave. Inish's entire figure gave proof of a terrible inward struggle. He opened his mouth and his lips moved convulsively, as if endeavoring to recall something, but no sound was audible. He stood there a moment. His face took on an indescribable expression. At last he stretched out his arm, and with a trembling finger he pointed to Jervis, stammering in a whisper, "Hell—Hellington;" and then, as if suddenly freed from a spell, his voice rang out, breaking in upon the

great silence which reigned in the cemetery in a frightful manner, in a shrill, wild cry, "Murder, murder! Hellington! Help!" For a second all eyes were fastened on Inish, and then followed the direction of his trembling finger. Some one who had stood in the large circle around the grave disappeared suddenly, and seemed to leap from tree to tree, in order to be hidden and for protection.

This white fleeing figure was visible every now and then in the open spaces, and resembled a closely-pursued animal. His one idea seemed to be to gain the wall on the side of the hill which led to Yokohama. All had started in pursuit, and the grave was entirely forsaken. Only the minister still remained, and he craned his neck to see the result of the chase.

There was one person, however, who did not join the others in the race, and that was the consul's constable, who had formerly been an excellent London policeman in his day. He had succeeded in capturing many a crim-

inal, and who alone retained his self-possession in the midst of the great excitement, reasoning with himself the improbability of all escape, if it were not to be found on the road leading from the cemetery to Yokohama, and in consequence of this soliloquy he turned his steps to the gate where the fugitive would be obliged to pass on account of the steepness of the other sides of the hill.

Jervis had quite a head start of his pursuers. Now he was only a few feet distant from the wall, and as nimble as a cat he took the jump. His hands, fortunately for him, reached the top of the wall, so he drew himself quickly upon it. He sat there for about the tenth part of a second; then he slid down on the other side and disappeared entirely. Those in pursuit of him reached the place where they had last seen him. Some managed with difficulty to climb the wall. There they only saw the narrow, winding footpath which seemed to lead to the ceme-

tery, and then directly behind it the terrible precipice.

"He must have broken his neck. He is behind some tree. He cannot escape from us."

The consul, remembering his dignity was to be sustained, and at the same time his duties as a consul must be fulfilled, was more calm than the others. Those near him he drew aside and explained that Jervis must be chasing round the cemetery. The constable being stationed at the only exit, there is no hopes of his reaching Yokohama, and the best thing for them to do was to divide themselves in two sections, to climb the wall, and start in opposite directions to make the round of the cemetery, so as to be certain of cornering Jervis.

Ashbourne and Inish, who had listened attentively to the consul, were the first over the wall. The others followed in quick succession. When all were over, they formed two bodies, one of which was under the leadership of Mitchell, whereas Ashbourne

commanded the other, and they started, one to the right, the other to the left. The pathway was very narrow; on one side being the mountain and the other the precipice so often referred to. In some places the sides of the mountain seemed to be perfectly perpendicular, and where the least dangerous it seemed an impossibility for a person to reach the bottom without being killed. Often this little band was obliged to grasp hold of shrubs and the mountain side itself for support, in order to pass in safety the most perilous places. One careless step would have been certain death. No tree, no corner where man could possibly find a refuge, was overlooked, and so it happened that despite the great zeal displayed by the young people in making the round of the cemetery, a quarter of an hour elapsed before both parties met at the gate. As soon as they came in sight of each other, they cried, "Unsuccessful!"

The policeman declared that Mr. Jervis had not been visible on the path leading to the

city. "Well, then, he has fallen over the rocks, and we will find him at the bottom." They all ran down the hill. Quite a detour had to be made to reach the huts which were situated at the foot of the rocks. All was perfectly still. In vain they searched for the mutilated remains they expected to find there.

Half-naked fishermen and their families stood in the door-ways and looked curiously at the heated and excited strangers. One Japanese began to speak, and they all listened attentively.

"Mr. Jervis," he said thoughtfully. "I know him very well, indeed. We have often sailed away out into the sea during heavy storms. Here, before my own door, I saw him not half an hour ago. He came down the rocks. How, that I cannot answer. I heard stones and earth come rolling down. I jumped up and ran to the door, and found him standing before me with bloody hands and torn clothes, and the next moment he

disappeared. He ran in the direction of Yokohama."

The sun shone down in a relentless manner. Many of the strangers were perfectly exhausted, and took boats to go back to Yokohama. Only Ashbourne, Inish, Mitchell and the policeman started on a run toward the city. Jervis' house was the first reached on returning from the cemetery. Jervis could have gained this without being seen, if he, as it was very probable, had crossed the moor, which at that hour was perfectly deserted on account of the lack of a single tree, instead of taking the street. The pursuers ran into the yard, where everything bore the appearance of perfect quiet. The large folding doors and windows of the bungaloo, (built in true Japanese style,) with one story only, stood wide open, so that everyone could look all through the house. It was perfectly empty. Before the stable door they found Jervis' first groom crouched together smoking a pipe. He rose quickly as soon as he recognized the English

consul among the strangers, and was prepared to answer all questions to the best of his ability.

He said Mr. Jervis had returned from the cemetery some little time ago.

"How long exactly?"

"Well, not quite an hour perhaps. He then opened the stable door suddenly and ordered Tautai to be saddled. He rushed into the house and appeared soon after with a little bundle which he easily fastened upon the saddle. He sprang on his horse and soon disappeared across the moor in the direction of Kanagana and Yeddo."

"What did he have in his bundle?"

"Japanese clothing and a sword, I think."

"How was Mr. Jervis dressed?"

"He wore a thin, white garment."

"Was he armed?"

"He carried a revolver and a heavy riding whip with an iron handle."

Consul Mitchell hastened to the government of Yokohama in order to notify the

police authorities of the occurrence, so that they might start in pursuit of Jervis immediately, and in the meantime Ashbourne and his companions entered the house. In his workroom they found his safe wide open. The key was still in the lock. The safe contained letters, account books, and quite a sum of money in gold. Some Japanese gold was lying on the mat. In the midst of his precipitated flight, Jervis had not forgotten to supply himself abundantly with money. In his bed room the commode stood wide open. On the ground lay a pair of trousers and a white coat, torn, soiled, and covered with blood. The other room Jervis had evidently not entered. Nothing could be discovered from the Japanese servants.

Jervis had been a strict master, who only spoke to his servants when necessary in giving a command. They had seen him enter the house, and from his appearance they knew some accident must have occurred, but even his valet had not ventured to follow him in

his bed room, as Jervis had once said unless a servant was especially called, no one should enter his room without running the risk of being discharged upon the spot. It was very evident that they were not trying to conceal anything, and so for the time they were no longer tormented with questions. The Japanese police did all in their power to capture the murderer, but at that time telegraphic communications and railroads were unknown in Japan. Jervis had made good use of his head start, as no traces could be found of him in the environs of Yokohama.

Three days after his disappearance, the well-known Tautai appeared early in the morning in Yokohama without its rider. It seemed to be perfectly exhausted, and went slowly through the streets; but when several Japanese ran up to it, Tautai resented the interference by infuriated kicks, and trotted slowly back to the stable. There it stood perfectly quiet while being unharnessed, and

refusing all food, it lay down whinnying in a piteous manner.

It was an easy matter for the Japanese officials to discover the road by which this horse returned. In several villages the inhabitants had noticed a little white pony, and had attempted to catch it. Toward evening the officials reached the little inn which once before in this narrative has been referred to as the place where Jervis disappeared at the time of the races to make some alterations in his appearance. The landlady was evidently greatly embarrassed when she saw the officials. These addressed her in a very abrupt manner; and, as it was then the custom in Japan, threatened her with the prison and the pillory if she did not at once acknowledge where Jervis was in hiding, long before the poor woman could have had time for the slightest feeling of mistrust. She threw herself trembling on her knees, and in a scarcely audible whisper she told all she knew.

The stranger, whose name she did not even know, had come to her house quite often during the last year. Occasionally he had taken a cup of tea and eaten fish and rice, but generally he had only called for a towel and water with which to wash his face and hands. He had always paid her liberally, and was not wild and aggressive like the other strangers, but had always conducted himself like a Japanese nobleman. Three days ago he appeared at an unusually early hour in the morning. His horse, which was covered with foam, was unheeded. He did not unsaddle nor lead it into the stable, as was his wont, but gave it to his landlady to hold. He went into the house and a few minutes afterwards came out dressed like a Japanese officer. He sprang on his horse and rode up the steep path which leads into the mountains. After his disappearance she entered the inn and found his white garments under the mat, which she (the landlady) would give over immediately to the officers. That was all she

knew, and she pleaded that they would not injure her, as she was a poor woman who lived in great fear of the law. However, the officials were not entirely satisfied, and the poor woman, who was fearing the worst, was carried off to Yokohama to relate everything she knew to the English consul; but her testimony bore so unmistakably the stamp of truth, that after Mr. Mitchell had heard her and consulted with Ashbourne, he begged that she might be released, which petition was immediately granted. After leaving the inn, all traces of the fugitive were lost. Not in a single neighboring village had any one seen the stranger. The search was continued for several days, and then, as every one saw how useless it was, the interest gradually died out, and soon the very thought of tracing Jervis was abandoned. The English government set a price of 500 rios (2,000 marks) on the murderer's head, but even that proved useless.

By examining Jervis' papers it seemed that

he had lived a long time in America, and that he had adopted the name of Jervis about four years before. What name he had assumed during the year which had elapsed between that period and his flight from Europe could not be ascertained. The passport which he had presented on his arrival had been either stolen or purchased (as the detectives traced) from a worthless adventurer who had been connected with some gold mine in California. If this vagabond were the identical Jervis of Singapore Mr. Mitchell used to know could not be determined. Weeks rolled by and were succeeded by months. The dead are soon forgotten, and the members of this little foreign colony would not have even thought of Daniel Ashbourne, whom they had not known but for a few days, were it not for the two men who seemed bowed down to the ground under the terrible calamity,—Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish. These figures served to remind one that a disgraceful act had not been revenged.

CHAPTER X.

Great excitement reigned about this time in Japan. This island kingdom, which, shut out from the rest of the world, had prospered in a mysterious manner beyond all anticipations, was suddenly filled by strangers who attemped to capture it.

The government wisely endured these intruders, as they justly feared that entering into a war with one of the powers from the West meant certain ruin to them. But even the enemies, as well as the supporters, of the present ruling Taikum, in speaking of Japan in its former glory as the proud Nippo and as the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, said that it (the kingdom) would have been strong enough to drive out the intruders who, unbidden, had taken up their abode there at the point of the sword, so that the ocean alone could offer them the means of an easier death.

They accused the Taikum of having hum-

bled Japan by being the successor of a usurper who, in some underhanded manner, had succeeded in obtaining for himself the sacred power of the true Emperor of Japan, the Mikado, and they demanded that he should abdicate of his own free will, or they threatened by force to cause his downfall. Discontent reached its highest pitch in the provinces of Satzuma and Mito, where rebellion was preached in the open streets. Minomoto, the reigning Taikum, endeavored, but in vain, to win back the rebellious Prince. His pleadings and exhortations met with no response, and his threats were replied to by troops being summoned on the frontier of the provinces. Then followed the assassination of the Emperor, and public opinion pointed to the Prince of Meto as the assassin.

The successor to the Taikum, Prince Yesado, was not yet of age, and consequently Prince Ikamono-Kami was appointed Gotairo,—that is, regent,—but now the long threatened insurrection broke out. Japan resembled now

only a large barrack, where the supporters of the Taikum and those of the Mikado stood with drawn swords. Often the news came to Yokohama of bloody combats in which the victories were about evenly divided between the two sides, and this was a matter of particular interest to the foreign colony, as it was frequently reported English and Americans had espoused one side or the other, and were fighting with as much interest as the Japanese themselves. Occasionally their names would be given, and it was discovered they were in most cases reckless adventurers who had already distinguished themselves in China during the war against the Taiping rebels.

The government of Yokohama had complained several times to the English consul that the strangers had taken up the quarrel of the Daimios, and that they went into the fields to fight against the government of the Taikum; also in consequence of their superior knowledge in the technicalities of war, they added greatly to the difficulties experienced

by the government in repressing the rebellion.

The European officials were perfectly helpless to guard against the event. They knew that here and there one of their compatriots had suddenly disappeared from Yokohama, and the supposition was they had sold themselves to the rebels, and were now in Satzuma or Mito exposing themselves to the dangers of being killed, or else, after several months, returned in secrecy to China with their dearly-earned wages.

From different verbal descriptions they could form quite an accurate idea of the life of these adventurers in the Japanese barrack. They were recognized immediately as officers, and received the greatest possible deference from the hands of the natives; but they, in their turn, expected that these officers would go into battle perfectly regardless of death. In all dangerous expeditions these foreigners were always elected to command the troops and their movements. If they should refuse

to comply they would be immediately dismissed from the army, and would have been banished from the barrack. In other words, they would have been given over to the government of the Taikum. Accordingly, all strangers entering this army must needs possess the greatest amount of personal bravery. It was a recognized fact in Japan, that, although the natives might not equal the foreigners as far as bravery and manly defiance were concerned, yet they far surpassed them in their enduring courage and their indifference to death.

In the so-called civilized world, human life is considered to be priceless, but to the barbaric and the half-civilized nations it is governed greatly by capriciousness and arbitrariness, and is consequently regarded as apparently worthless. This is the secret of the stoical quiet with which an Asiatic awaits death, or with which he sacrifices his life.

Gotairo, the regent of Japan, had been engrossed ever since the murder had been per-

petrated on Minomoto to suppress the rebellion, and to arrive at this result, he had not hesitated to adopt severe measures against the rebellious Daimios, and these recognized immediately their bitterest enemy in him, and were prepared to embrace any means, be it foul play or fair, to get rid of him.

The Gotairo knew his life was in danger, and only appeared in the streets of Yeddo surrounded by those of his body-guard he knew he could rely on.

On a dreary fall day, about four months after the murder of Daniel Ashbourne, twelve men, coming from different directions, congregated but a short distance from the royal castle at Yeddo. Each one carried two swords in his belt, and by these were recognized as belonging to the nobility. The weather was disagreeable and cold. It was raining and storming generally, and the streets which surrounded the castle, and in which no traffic was permitted, were perfectly forsaken. These armed noblemen, after

conversing together for a moment, passed under the large gate-way of the palace of the Daimio, which was situated on one of the principal streets, and at the corner of a narrower one. The men seemed to be waiting for the rain, which came down in torrents, to abate somewhat before undertaking another move. Their presence in the neighborhood of the castle attracted no attention, as the resident city was full of noblemen, and as the residents themselves were accustomed to see these armed idlers at any hour of the day or night in the streets, and particularly so in the quarter occupied by the monarch and his suite. After having waited quietly for half an hour, these men saw about one hundred soldiers turn into the principal streets, bearing an immense litter, which sixteen men were carrying. The remainder of the number serving as escort to the so-called norimino. This little procession moved solemnly forward in the midst of the most profound silence.

As soon as the little group gathered under the gate-way espied the beginning of the procession, one of them, who was nearly a head taller than his companions, stepped forward, looked scrutinizingly around, and then communicated some short commands to the others, who had closely watched every one of his movements. These strolled quietly off in groups of twos toward the entrance of the narrow street, and took up their position against the wall of the palace, as if seeking for protection under its overhanging roof against the weather.

They were men rather under the ordinary stature, with weather-browned, wild-looking faces, and black, snapping eyes. Only the tallest, who seemed to be their leader, was fair, and noticeably so. His light complexion seemed fairly in contrast with those of his dark companions. The tout ensemble had something striking in his appearance, as well as something exceedingly refined. All of his members were slight and exquisitely formed.

His gait was as easy and elastic as that of an animal of prey might be.

The royal procession approached the palace. As sort of out-runners, four powerful men, who were the Prince's athletes, walked somewhat in advance. They seemed to rock backwards and forwards in walking, and cast contemptuous glances on all those they passed. These powerful leaders were closely followed by men carrying bows and arrows, hellabandes and pikes; then came standard-bearers, whose ensign was the feared but well-known coat of arms of Gotairo Ikamono-Kami, the regent of Japan. The soldiers proper, who marched directy before and behind their master in a body without any particular attempt at order, were well enveloped in large mantles, which were to protect their garments, and more particularly their costly weapons, from the rain. They held their heads down, and seemed to loiter along carelessly and in an unconcerned manner, and their faces protrayed decided discontent. Two servants

walked at the right next to the litter, bearing a long box, which contained the swords of the person of rank, who, carelessly stretched out in his norimino, was making his entrance into Yeddo.

The litter was only a few feet distant from the alley in which the twelve men were crouching. The leader gave a peculiar cry, and instantaneously eight of the number, with drawn swords, rushed to the royal litter without uttering a sound, whereas the other three remained with their leader on the corner of the aforesaid alley.

In a moment's time the line of the surprised body-guard was broken through, and several of the soldiers bearing the litter were cut down. The norimino fell heavily to the ground, and the regent, leaning out of the door, called for his swords. Before he could even take them, a powerful blow nearly severed his head from his body, and he fell to the ground dead. Those accompanying the Gotairo could do nothing to defend the life of their

master. Those carrying the litter were unarmed, whereas the soldiers were so wrapped in their cloaks as to be able to draw their swords only after the deed had been committed; but now they threw themselves on these bravoes with drawn swords and a scream of rage. A short encounter ensued, in which five of the noblemen and several of the guard were killed. The three surviving murderers fought their way bravely back to the alley where their companions were mounting guard, and who so far had been only spectators, but were ready to fight and willing to face death. The little band which guarded the entrance to the alley opened a moment to receive the three whose task had been accomplished, and who disappeared immediately on a fast run in some safe nook, which had probably been determined upon before and offered by one of the numerous secret enemies of the Gotairo living in Yeddo. In order to further the flight, the four remaining fought bravely against an over-powering number,

One had already fallen on his knees desperately wounded, and the others were bleeding from numerous wounds.

Suddenly the leader repeated the short cry he had given as a signal for the commencement of the attack. The three still surviving bravoes attempted to flee, but two of them were quickly overtaken and murdered by the pursuers. The third, which happened to be the leader, had a good head start, and by every one of his powerful jumps, the distance between himself and his enemies increased perceptibly. He had already passed two side alleys and turned, like one perfectly certain of his way, into the third to the left. After running for about two hundred paces he stopped suddenly and looked around him in a confused way. He found himself in an alley possessing no exit. He turned around and ran back to rectify the fatal mistake, if it were possible, but too late. Already his enemies turned into the street, and with a cry of triumph they all rushed at him. Once more he turned his back

on them and ran back, looking from right to left, hoping for some means of escape. The closed houses on both sides of the street formed a solid wall. Now he had reached the end of the street and of his life. Up to the last second he had not fully despaired, but now he knew there was no help, and that he, too, must die. He leaned against the wall which cut off his hopes of escape. Breathing heavily, he still possessed presence of mind enough to acquire a firm footing, and grasping the bloody handle of his sword with both hands, he stood there, point downwards, preparatory to striking a death-bringing blow, awaiting his murderers. These hesitated a moment. Such a look of energy and power lay in this fair, strange face which confronted them with clear, piercing eyes.

The noise ceased, the prisoner stood motionless, awaiting the attack, and his own death. The silence seemed to increase every second. Not a sound of any description was to be heard, and the perfect quiet reminded one of

the cemetery on the day when Daniel Ashbourne was buried, and when Inish, with trembling finger, pointed to the murderer of his master, calling "Hellington, murder, help!"

This man, hunted from one end of the world to the other, seemed to hear these words in the raging of the storm and the falling of the rain.

An arrow fluttered through the air, and for a moment it seemed to tremble after striking the left breast of the victim. A second longer he remained motionless, then his hands opened, powerless to hold the sword, which fell to the ground. His arms, resembling the wings of an imprisoned eagle, raised themselves slowly, and then fell back again. A perfect veil seemed to come over the already death-like visage, white as marble. A little stream of light blood came out of the quivering mouth. A shudder ran through his entire frame. He raised his arms again with a great effort, but they fell perfectly powerless

to his side, and in the same moment he fell face downward, breaking the arrow in his fall. All was over for him.

On the day after the murder of the Gotairo the members of the foreign council at Yokohama received a visit from the Japanese Governor, who gave them a concise description of the tragic event in Yokohama. His call lasted ten minutes longer at Consul Mitchell's, as, after the description of the death of the Gotairo, he told him the leader of the band which had attacked the regent was an English subject, and that they thought him to be Mr. Jervis. After his death, the fair skin of his body showed him to be a stranger. A Japanese officer now stationed in Yeddo, but who, a short time ago, had resided in Yokohama, suspected him to be the murderer of Daniel Ashbourne. Under the circumstances, the Governor informed Consul Mitchell he wished he would go to Yeddo to inspect the body, or, if he preferred, the body could be brought to Yokohama for identification.

The consul expressed a wish to go immediately to Yeddo; the sooner the better. Whereupon the Governor replied a mounted escort would await him in half an hour at the gateway of Yokohama to conduct him to the spot where the body of the stranger was laid at present. For a moment Mr. Mitchell thought of asking Thomas Ashbourne to accompany him, but he abandoned this idea. The poor Djusanban had become a sad, depressed man since the death of his brother. Mitchell decided it would be a kindness to spare him the sight of the body of the man who had caused him such terrible suffering; consequently the consul invited his neighbor, young Gilmore, to ride over to Yeddo with him. He acquiesced quietly, and the two, followed by four Japanese officers, reached Yeddo after a sharp ride of three hours, and were conducted by the chief of the escort to the palace of the Taikum. It was already growing dusk as they approached the walls and ditches which, according to the Japanese

idea, made the castle perfectly impregnable. After they had crossed the bridge on horseback they were invited to dismount, as the Taikum possessed the right alone of going across the court-yard on horseback.

A young officer joined them, greeted our two acquaintances pleasantly, and requested them to follow him. He walked on silently A solemn, death-like stillness reigned in the court-yard, which was so perfectly forsaken, and which they were obliged to traverse. A large pile of buildings they went by seemed to be lifeless. Nowhere was a human being visible.

At last the three reached the wooden shed, before whose open door two soldiers were crouching down, each holding a paper lantern ready to light. They did so, and all stepped into a room where the close air seemed to forbid respiration. The servants moved to the other end of the shed. They took up their position on either side of a formless heap which lay upon the ground, covered with an

old piece of Japanese matting. The officer moved the mat aside with his foot, exposing a shining, white body. The servants held the lanterns closely against the pale face, which seemed to take on an expression of perfect peace in the yellow light.

"Jervis," Mitchell and Gilmore whispered.

He did not resemble a murderer. Death had ennobled and softened the face which just a moment before his death had glared so fiercely at his enemies. An expression of perfect rest lay on it. A little blue-black hole was visible on the left side of the breast, surrounded by a slight swelling. It was where the arrow, which pierced Jervis to the heart, had broken off. Early the next day the body was taken to the spot where the bodies of the murderers of the Gotairo had been buried the preceding day.

There, in the cemetery of criminals, Jervis-Hellington has at last found the spot which belonged to him, and he has lain there for twenty years. Long ago Thomas Ashbourne

and Patrick Inish disappeared from Japan, and only a few still remember their names. Inish is dead, and after many years Thomas conquered his great grief. He has returned to his home, and every year during the season he goes to London, where, at the Oriental clubs, he meets wanderers from the East, and with whom he gladly discusses the good old times in Japan. His gay disposition disappeared with his youth, as is so often the case; but one could scarcely call him a sad man. Jervis' name has not crossed his lips for many years.

A legend has sprung up in Japan which has for its heroes the nine worthless noblemen who attacked the Gotairo in the midst of his guards in broad daylight and in an open street, and who, in consequence, forfeited their own lives.

The Taikum has fallen. The Mikado, belonging to the race of the gods and who is Japan's legitimate Emperor, rules on the throne over the Kingdom of the Rising Sun.

His former enemies appear in the history of the day as despicable rebels, whereas those who, twenty years ago, ventured first to espouse the good cause, and who died for it, are regarded as heroes and martyrs. Very near the spot where the nine Lonin lie, regarded as criminals, a small temple has been erected in memory of those who fell in the service of the Mikado, and which is surrounded by a charming garden, carefully attended. The summer season finds it gay with many-colored flowers. On one of the graves, which lies somewhat apart from the others, a camelia has been planted, whose red and white blossoms begin blooming often in winter. That is the grave of the leader of the Lonin. No one knows his name. His origin seems wrapped in obscurity as profound as that of the imaginary warriors of yore; but the ever-busy, legend-loving people relate how his terrible glance stayed his murderers so that no one dared touch him until at last, pierced by a poisoned arrow, he fell face

downward, and his fearless soul took its flight.

The right of gazing on this face, conquered only by death, seemed justly reserved to the merciful mother earth alone.